TO THE READER

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IVANHOE

SIR WALTER SCOTT

NEW METHOD
SUPPLEMENTARY READER

STAGE 6

PRONUNCIATION OF THE CHIEF NAMES OF PERSONS AND PLACES

The pronunciation given in brackets is the system used in *The New Method Dictionary*, followed by the pronunciation in The International Phonetic Symbols.

Alan-a-dale	(3·9·9·21)	ˈælən ə ˈdeil
a l'outrance	(3l77tr5ns)	a ˈluutrɔns
Athelstane	(3·9·21)	ˈæθəlstein
Baldwin	(55·1)	ˈbɔɔldwin
Beowulf	(26·7)	ˈbeowulf
Brian de Bois-Guilbert	(419–9–b74–g1lb9t)	ˈbraiən də ˈbua ˈgilbət
Cedric	(s11·1)	ˈsiidrik
Coningsburgh	(5·1·99)	ˈkɔniŋzbəəg
Conrade Mont Fitchett	(5·9–5–1·1)	ˈkɔnrəd mɔnt ˈfitʃit
Copmanhurst	(5·9·99)	ˈkɔpmənhəəst
Damian	(21·19)	ˈdeimiən
De Bracy	(9–21·1)	də ˈbreisi
Desdichado	(2·1·44·6)	ˈdesdiˈtʃaado
Diccon	(1·9)	ˈdikən
Elgitha	(2·11·9)	elˈgiiθə
Front-de-Boef	(fr5n·d9·b99f)	ˈfrɔn də ˈbəəʃ
Giles	(j41lz)	dʒailz
Gurth	(g99)	gəəθ
Hastings	(21·1)	ˈheistiŋz
Hubert	(177·9)	ˈhiubət
Hugh de Grantmesnil	(177–9–gr5m2zn1l)	ˈhiuu də grɔnˈmeznil
Hundebert	(8·1·99)	ˈhʌndibəət
" Ichabod "	(1k9b5d)	ˈikəbɔd
Ivanhoe	(41·9·67)	ˈaivənhou
Jerusalem	(9·77·9·9)	dʒəˈruusələm
Jorvaulx	(j5rv67ks)	dʒɔˈvouks
Kirjath Jairam	(99·3–41·9)	ˈkəədʒæθ ˈdʒairəm
" Laissez aller "	(l21sez–3l2)	ˈleise ˈæle
largesse	(l44jes)	laaˈdʒes
Le Faineant	(9–f21n15^{n})	lə ˈfeineɔ^{n}
Leicester	(l2st9)	ˈlestə
Locksley	(5·1)	ˈlɔksli
Malvoisin	(m3lv64zæ^{n})	ˈmælvoaˈzi^{n}
Montdidier	(m5nd11d19)	mɔˈdiidie
Oswald	(5·9)	ˈɔzwəld
" Pax vobiscum "	(3–67·1·9)	ˈpæks voˈbiskəm
Prior Aymer	(419–21·9)	ˈpraiə ˈæimə
Rachel	(21·9)	ˈreitʃəl
Ralph de Vipont	(3–9–11·5)	ˈrælf də ˈviipɔ^{n}
Reginald	(r2j1n9ld)	ˈredʒinəld
Rotherham	(5·9·9)	ˈrɔðəhəm
Rotherwood	(5·9·7)	ˈrɔðəwud
Rowena	(67·11·9)	rou.ˈiinə
Sharon	(21·5)	ˈʃeərɔn
Sherwood	(99·7)	ˈʃəəwud
Sheffield	(2·11)	ˈʃefiild
St. Augustin	(s9nt–55·8·1)	ˈsənt ɔɔˈgʌstin
(St.) Botolph	(5·5)	ˈbɔtɔlf
(St.) Dunstan	(8·9)	ˈdʌnstən

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IVANHOE

BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIMPLIFIED BY
MICHAEL WEST, M.A., D.PHIL.

Illustrated by Basil Moseley

1819 written Date See at
P. T. O

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IVANHOE

GRADE VI

INTRODUCTION

This is one of the best-known and most widely read books in English. It tells a very exciting story about the doings of men and women who lived hundreds of years ago; but it tells their story so truthfully and well that they seem as real as the men and women of to-day.

Before the time of Ivanhoe the people of England were the Saxons (or English). Just before Ivanhoe the Saxa-English had been conquered by the Normans. The Normans came over from France. The Normans and the English did not mix together and they hated one another. Ivanhoe was a young English knight. He was sent away from his home by his father, Cedric the Saxon, and went to Palestine to fight in the Crusades under the King of England, Richard I. At the beginning of the story Ivanhoe comes back in disguise (secretly, not letting people know who he was). There was a tournament at Ashby. A tournament is a gathering of knights to fight against each other for a prize. Ivanhoe went to the tournament. No one knew who he was, but he won the prize as the bravest and best of all the knights there. They only found out who he was after he had won.

Cedric was still angry with his son and would not recognise him, but by an accident they both joined the same party when they were going away from Ashby. This party was attacked by lawless Norman knights, led by Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert. They were all taken prisoner and were put in a strong castle. The news of this was given to friendly English outlaws. The outlaws came and attacked the Normans in their castle. The outlaws were led in this attack by a Black Knight of great strength and courage. In the end the outlaws burned the Norman castle and set free the English prisoners. All the Norman knights were killed except Sir Brian. Later Ivanhoe killed Sir Brian in battle and became friends with his father again. In all this he was helped by the Black Knight, who was really . . . I won't tell you who he was; he was a very important person.

This doesn't tell you all the story—there was Isaac, the rich Jew, and his beautiful daughter, Rebecca. There was the Lady Rowena whom Ivanhoe loved, and Prince John, the bad brother of King Richard. King Richard and Prince John were real people and the hatred between the English and the Normans was true. The book gives you a picture of knights and knighthood. The Norman knights and Sir Brian were unjust and cruel, and used their strength only to do harm, but Ivanhoe and the Black Knight show the best side of knighthood: they fight unselfishly for the right and to help the weak and the poor.

Ivanhoe was written by Sir Walter Scott in the year 1819.

Another book by Sir Walter Scott is *Quentin Durward* (Grade IV).

E. F. HART.

823
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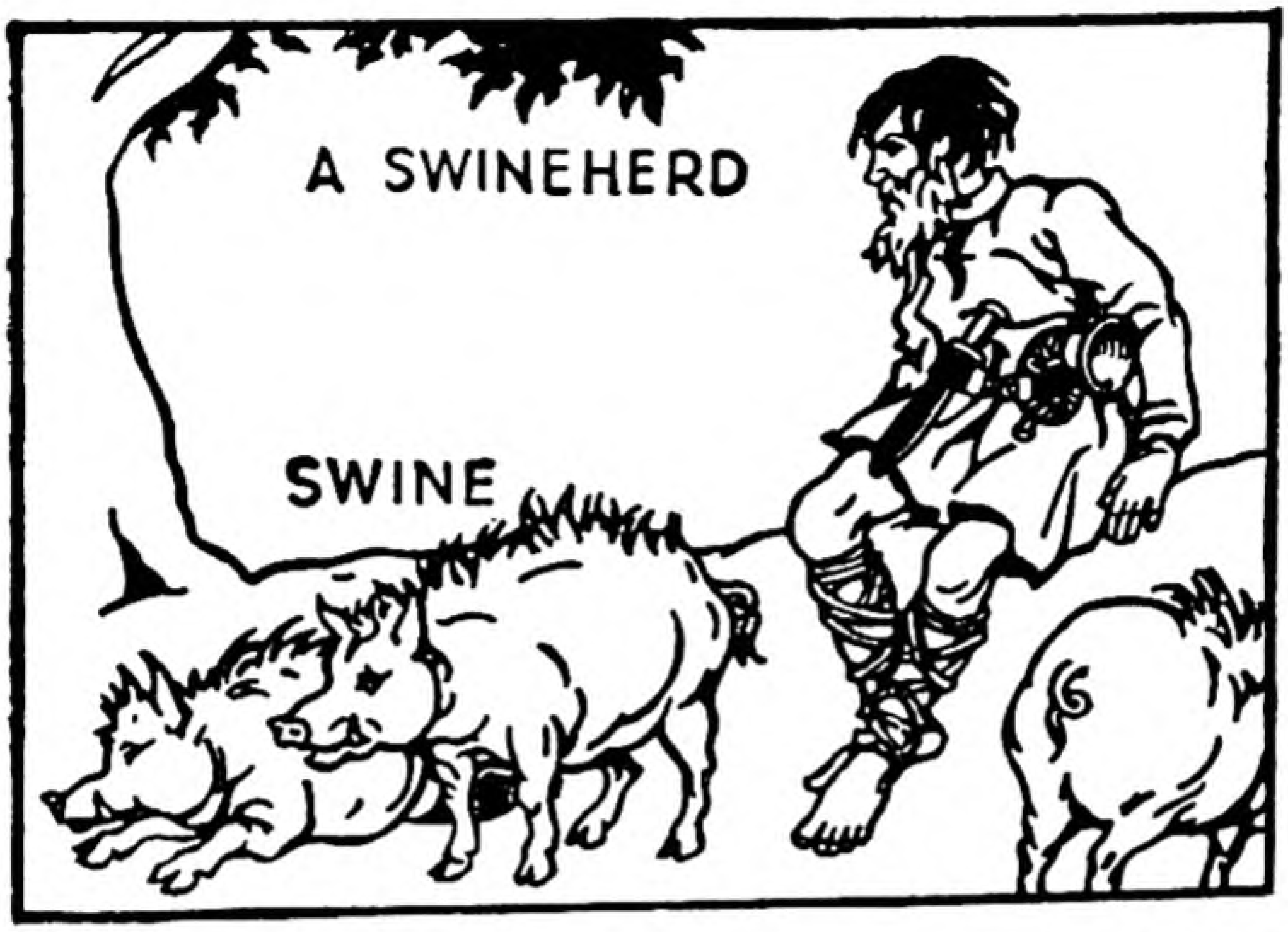
You know ALL the words in this book except—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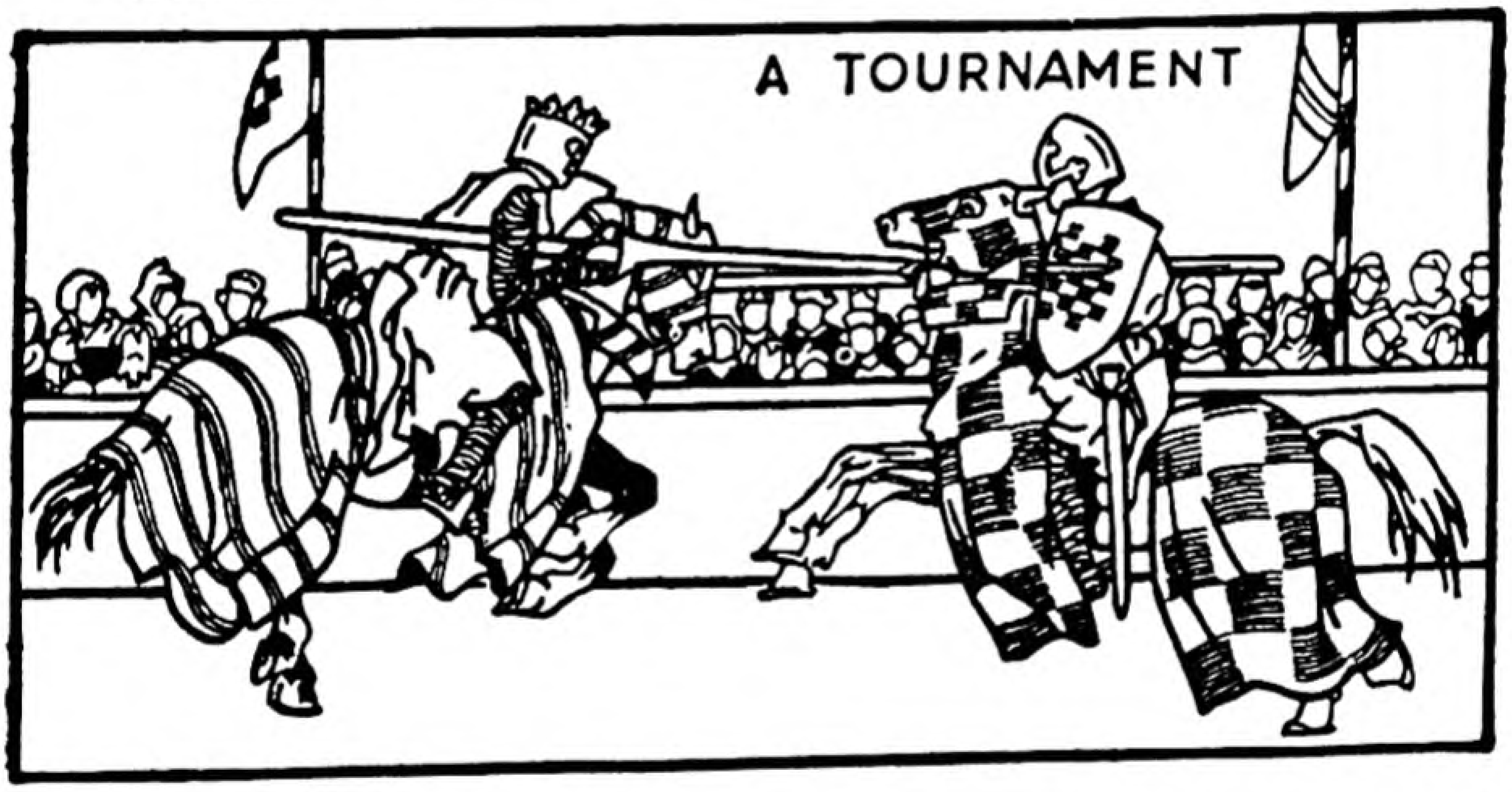
SWINE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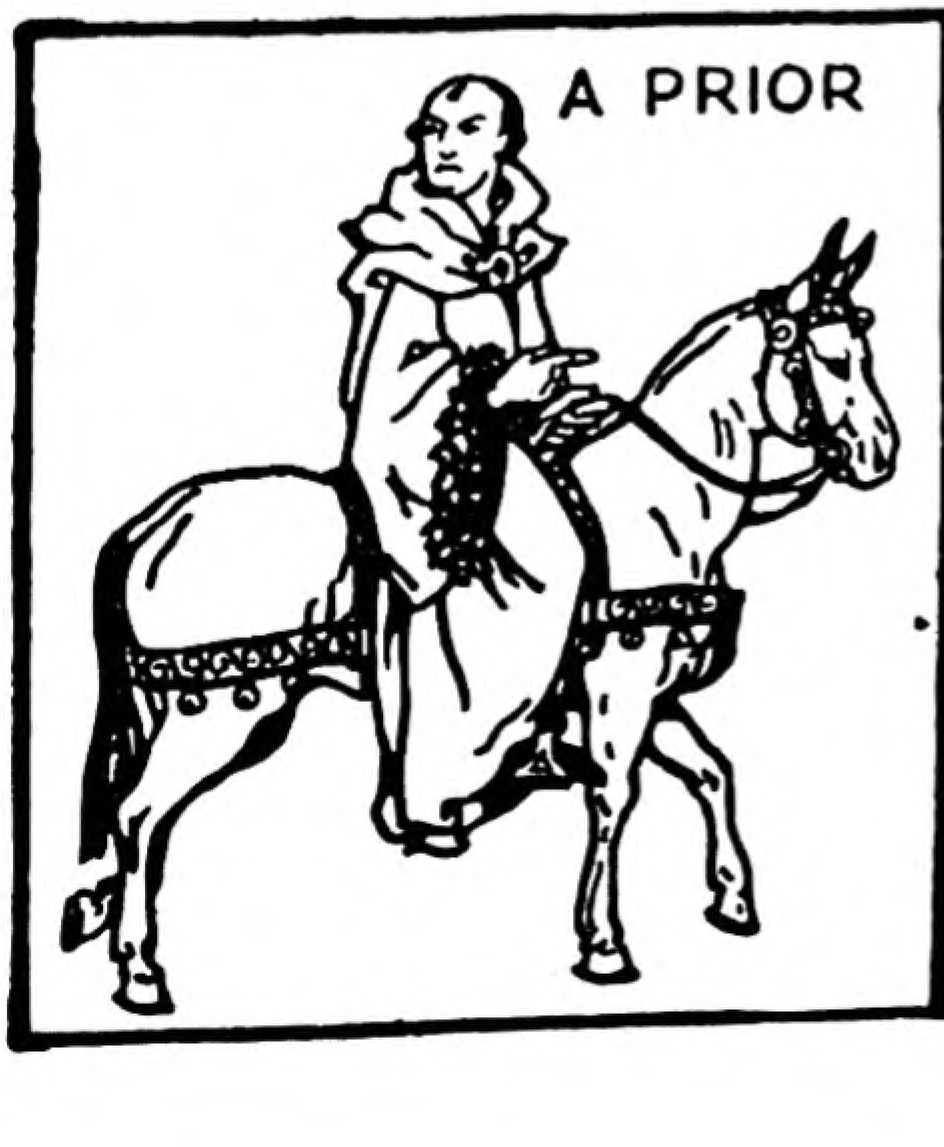

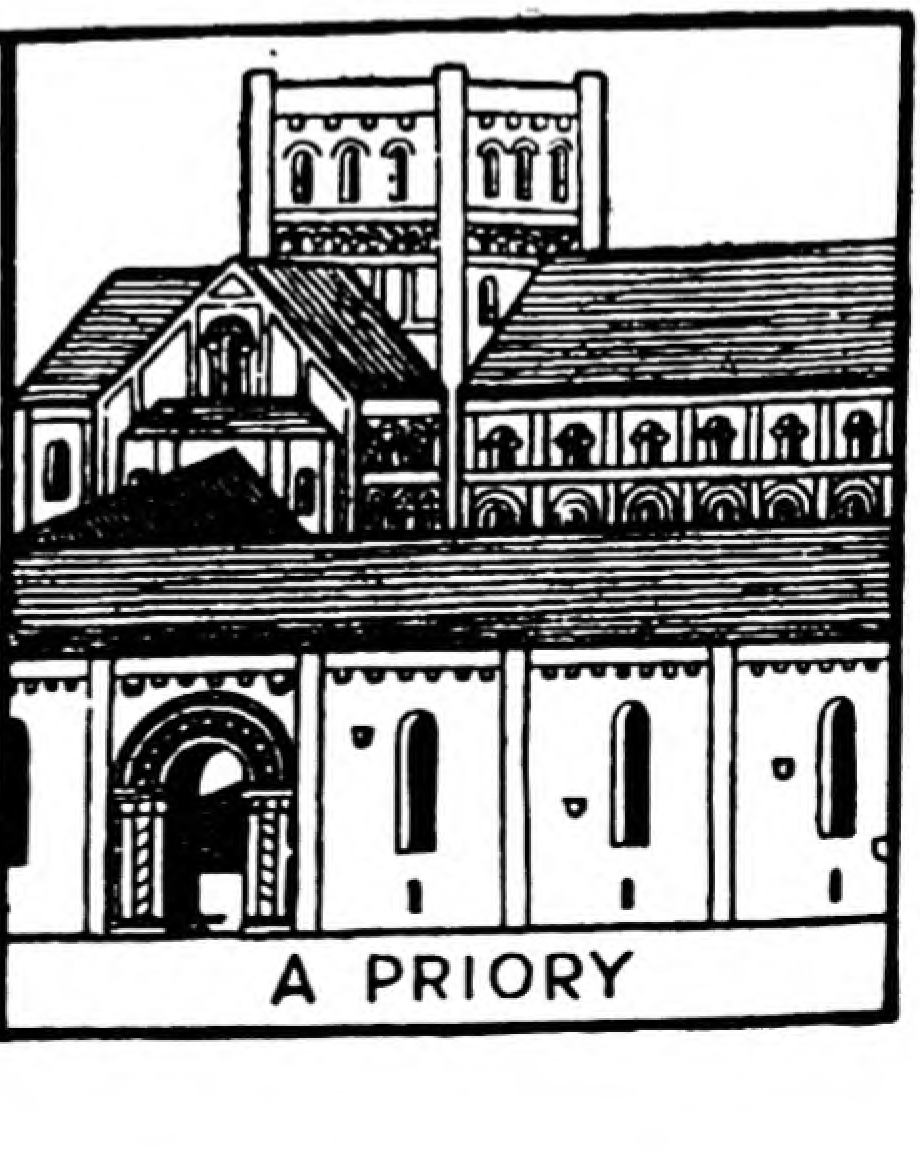

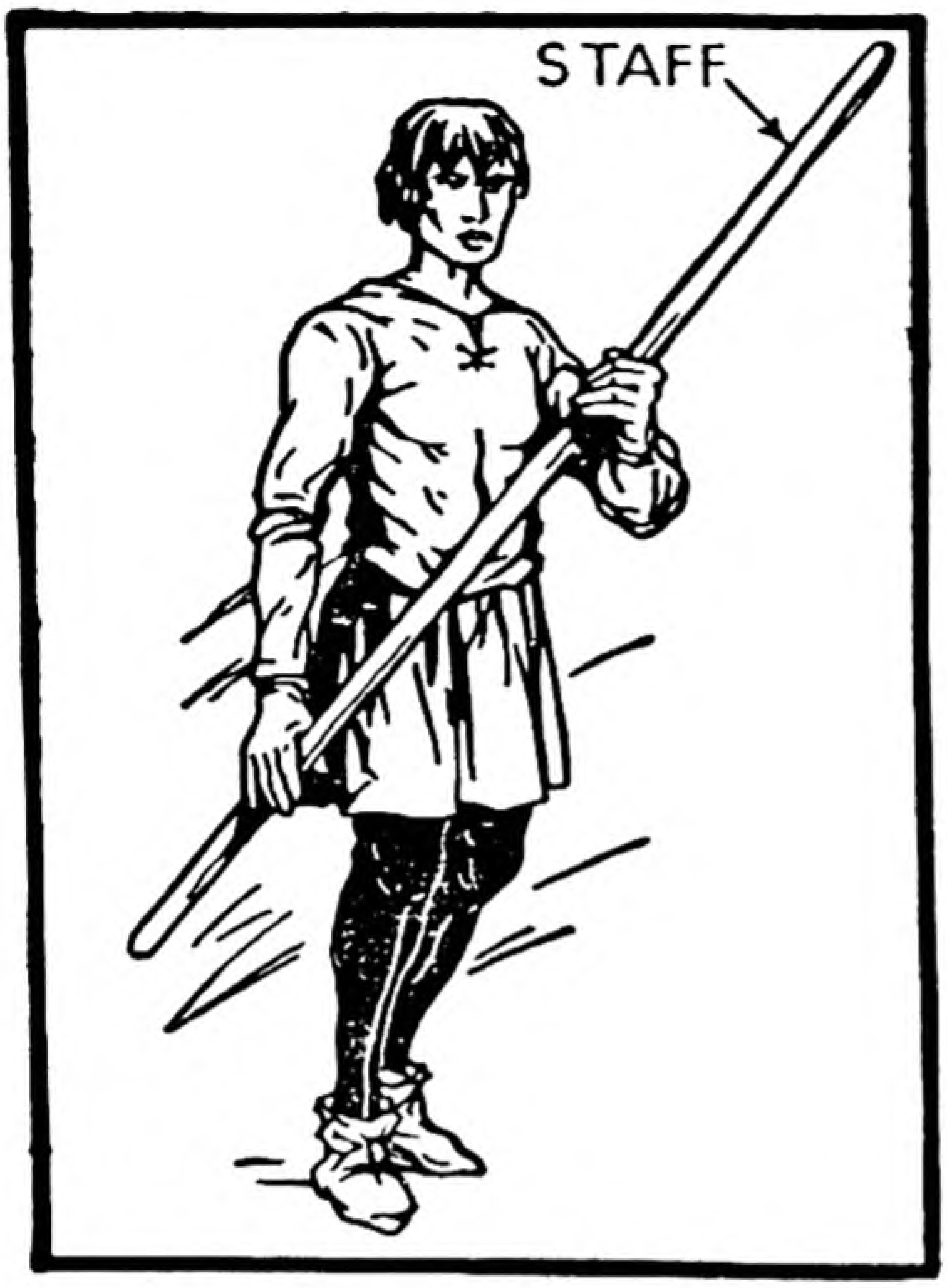

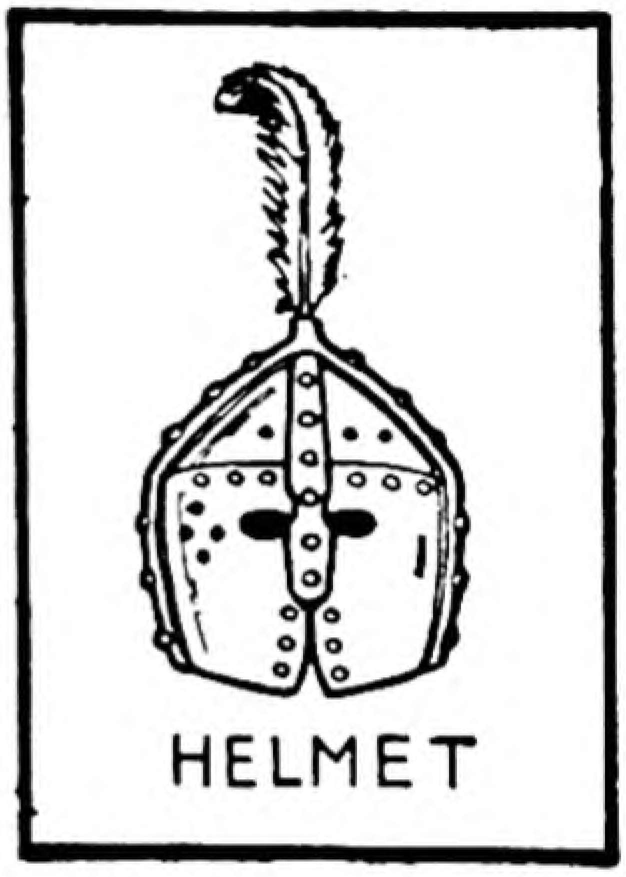

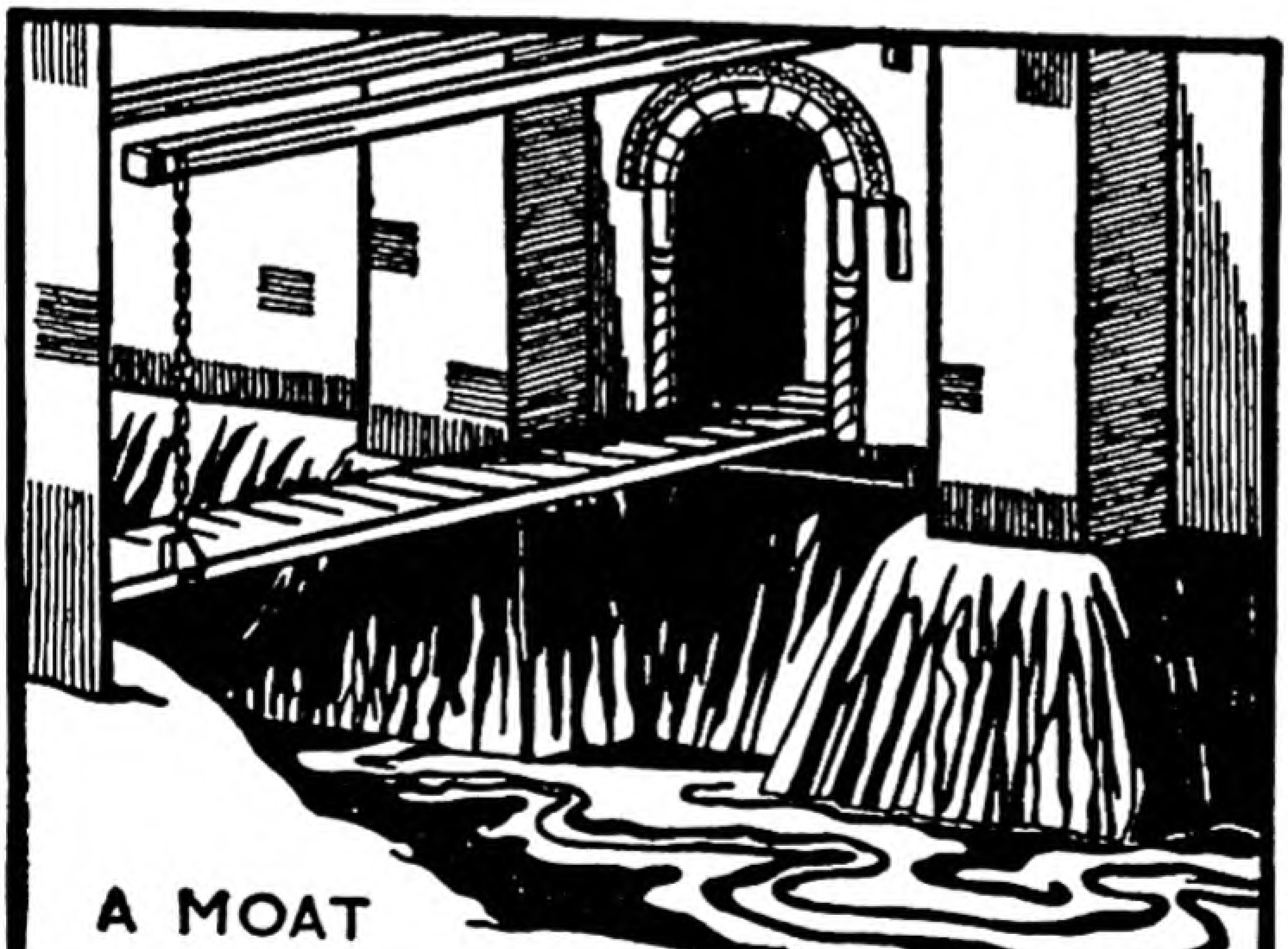

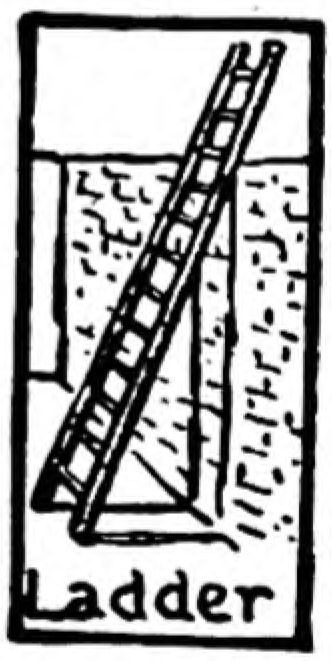

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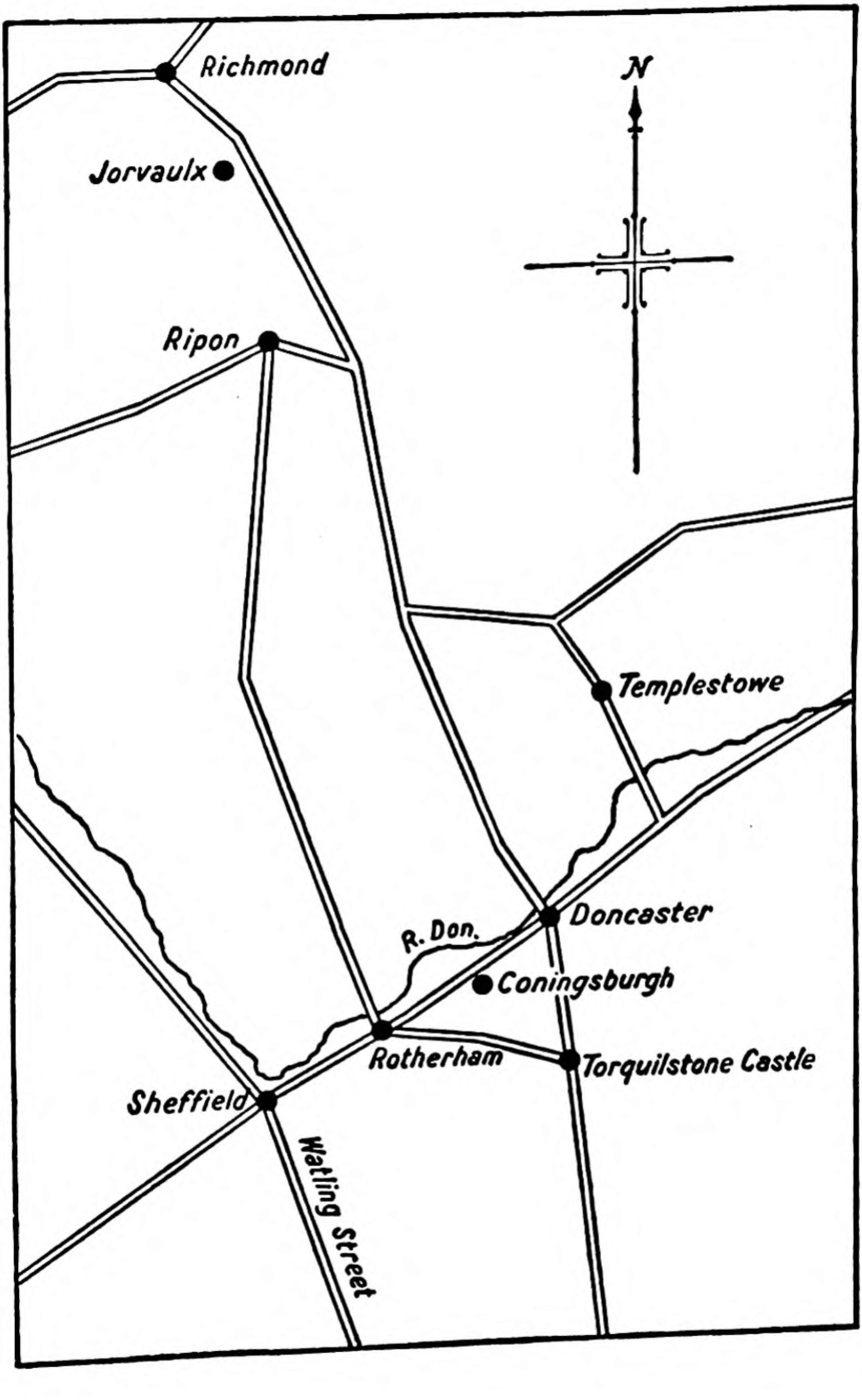
N
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Jorvaulx
Ripon
Templestowe
Doncaster
R. Don.
Coningsburgh
Rotherham
Torquilstone Castle
Sheffield
Watling Street

IVANHOE

CHAPTER ONE

IN THE FOREST

In that pleasant district of England which is watered by the River Don, there extended in ancient times a large forest: .it covered the greater part of the beautiful hills and valleys which lie between Sheffield and Doncaster.

The date of our story is about seven hundred and fifty years ago. Richard Lion Heart was King of England, but he had long been absent in Palestine; and John, his brother, was ruling England for him—and ruling it very ill. He was also making plans to seize the throne for himself, and to drive out his brother, Richard, when he returned.

Only one hundred years before this date England had been conquered by the Normans. As time went on these two peoples—the Normans and the Saxons—mingled together to make the English nation of to-day; but that mixing had not, at this time, taken place; and there was ill-feeling and hatred between the Norman "nobles" (or great lords) and the Saxons (the original people of the country).

. . . .

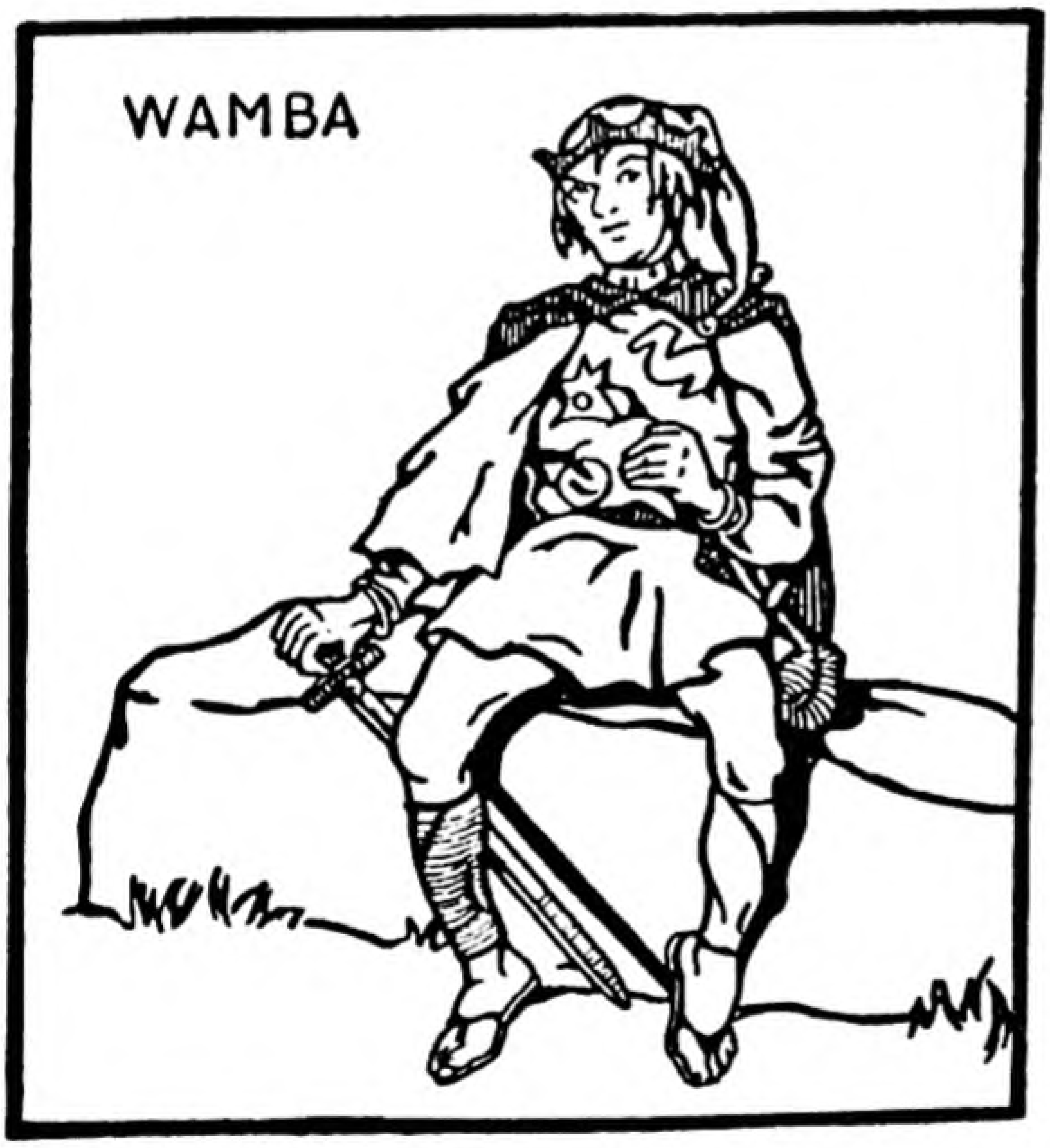
The sun was setting upon that forest which we have mentioned. Hundreds of broad oak trees stretched their knotted arms over the thick green grass. In some places the trees were so close together that they entirely shut out the sunlight.

In other places they were more scattered, and the sunlight hung upon the boughs and mossy trunks of the trees and made a bright pattern upon the grass below.

A large open space in the midst of this forest seemed formerly to have been used for religious purposes; for on the top of a small hill there still stood a circle of huge rough stones, the remains of a temple. One of these large stones had fallen to the bottom of the hill, where it stopped the course of a small brook, which flowed over it in a murmuring waterfall.

Two human figures complete this scene.

The eldest of these had a wild appearance. His garment was of the simplest kind—a coat, made of the skin of some animal, reaching from his throat to his knees, and gathered at the middle by a broad belt. In his belt he carried a horn and a two-edged knife. Round his neck was a brass ring, on which was written, in Saxon letters: *"Gurth, son of Beowulf, is the born slave of Cedric of Rotherwood."* Gurth was a **swineherd.**



Beside the Swineherd was seated, upon one of the fallen stones, a man about ten years younger. His coat was of bright purple cloth, on which a pattern had been painted in different colours. He had silver bands round his arms, and round his neck a silver ring, on which was written: *" Wamba,* *the son of Witless, is the slave of Cedric of Rotherwood.*" He was Cedric's Fool, whose duty was to amuse his lord by jokes and foolishness during meals or whenever he was ordered to do so.

"The curse of St. Withold upon these swine," said Gurth, after blowing his horn loudly to collect the scattered beasts. The swine answered his call with notes equally musical, but made no haste to separate themselves from their meal.

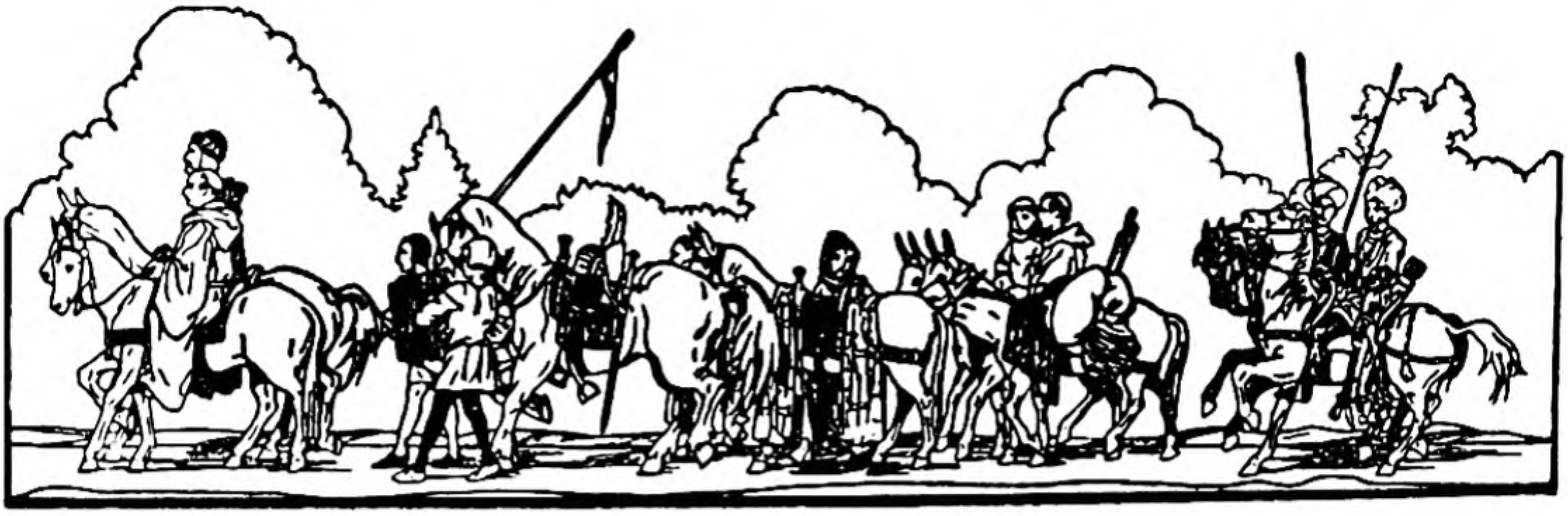
"Here, Fangs! Fangs!" he shouted at the top of his voice to a wolf-like dog which was running feebly about trying to collect the disobedient swine.

"A devil draw the teeth of him," said Gurth, "and a curse upon the Forest-guard who wounded him and made him unfit for his work. Wamba, get up and help me. Go round the back of the hill and drive them towards me."

"Truly," said Wamba without moving from the spot, "I have consulted my legs upon this matter and they are of opinion that it would be unjust to my clothes to carry them through these muddy places. But soft! What have we here?" he said, listening to the sound of several horses which then became audible. "I must see the riders. Perhaps they come from fairyland with a message from King Oberon."

"A curse upon you," replied the Swineherd. "Why do you talk of such things when a terrible storm is raging within a few miles of us? Listen to the thunder. As for rain, I never saw such large drops. Let us get home before the storm begins, for the night will be fearful."

Wamba seemed to be persuaded by these words, for he accompanied Gurth, who walked quickly through the forest driving the swine before him.



CHAPTER TWO

TWO GREAT PERSONS

THE horsemen soon came up to Gurth and Wamba. They were about ten in number, of whom the two who rode in front seemed to be persons of some importance.

One of these was clearly a priest of high rank. His gown was of the very best cloth edged with fur, and fell in graceful folds about his feet and well-fed body. His features showed that he was not a man who denied himself any comforts. The expression of his face was cheerful and good humoured. He rode upon a well-fed horse, with the easy grace of a skilful horseman.

His companion was a Knight Templar, or Knight of the Temple. The members of this Order of Knights Templar were half-priests, half-soldiers. They were men who had made a vow to live hard and simple lives and to fight for the recovery of the holy places in Jerusalem. The Order contained men of all nations, and there were Houses of the Knights Templar in most of the countries of Europe. In spite of these vows the Knights Templar had a bad name; they were cruel, ungenerous, and given over to bad living.

This Knight Templar was a man of about forty years of age. He was thin, strong, and tall. The expression of his face was likely to inspire awe and fear in any stranger. His skin was burnt almost black by the Eastern sun, and his eyes were full of courage and strength of will.

He wore a red robe, on the right shoulder of which was sewn a white cross, the sign of his order. This robe concealed a shirt of chain-mail, the knees and feet being protected by plates of steel ingeniously jointed. In his belt he carried a long, two-edged knife. He rode a fine horse, while his war-horse was led behind him by one of his attendants. Another attendant carried his spear and his shield. Two other attendants followed, whose dress showed them to be natives of some Eastern country.

The strange appearance of this band of people aroused the interest of Wamba. He knew the priest to be **Prior** Aymer of Jorvaulx **Priory**, well known for miles round as a lover of hunting, feasting and worldly pleasures. The curious appearance of his companion and the Eastern attendants so occupied the attention of Gurth and Wamba that they could scarcely attend to Prior Aymer when he asked them a question.

"I asked you, my children," said the Prior again, raising his voice, "whether you can tell us the way to the house of Cedric of Rotherwood."

"The road will not be easy to find," answered Gurth, "and the family of Cedric retire early to bed."

"Do not talk nonsense!" said the knight. "It is easy for them to arise and supply the needs of travellers such as we are."

"I do not know," said Gurth, "if I should show the way to my master's house to those who demand shelter as a right. Most men ask shelter as a favour."

"Do you speak thus to me, slave!" said the knight, raising his riding-whip in his hand.

Prior Aymer pushed his horse between them. "We islanders," he said, "do not like blows. Tell me, good fellow," he said to Wamba, giving him a small piece of silver, "the way to Cedric's house. You cannot be ignorant of it, and it is your duty to direct the wanderer."

"Hold on this path," answered Wamba, "until you come to a stone cross; then take the path to the left; and I hope you will reach shelter before this storm comes on."

The Prior thanked his wise adviser and the party rode on rapidly.

As the sound of their horses died away Gurth said to his companion, "If they follow your wise direction, they will not reach Rotherwood to-night."

The Fool laughed. "No, but they may reach Sheffield if they have good luck, and that is as good a place for them."

"You were right to misdirect them," said Gurth. "It would be an evil thing that Prior Aymer should see the Lady Rowena—and a worse thing for Cedric to quarrel with this Templar."

"This Cedric," Prior Aymer was saying, as he and the Templar, Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert,[1] rode onward, "is proud, fierce, easily angered. He stands against our Norman nobles—even against his neighbours, Reginald Front-de-Boeuf and Philip Malvoisin."

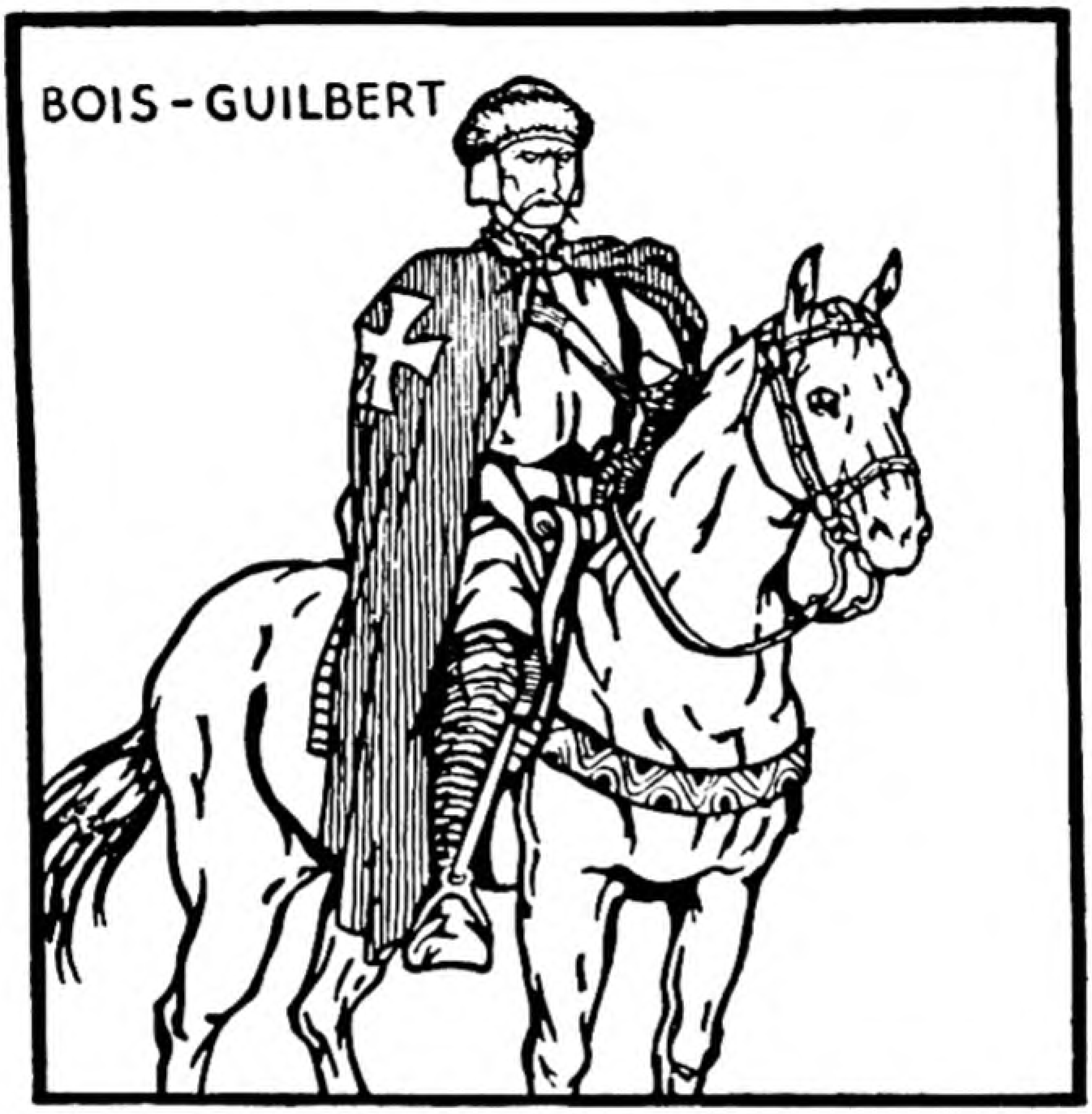
"I shall expect much beauty in this celebrated Lady Rowena," replied Bois-Guilbert, "to repay me for courting the favour of so rude and lawless a fellow as her father Cedric."

"Cedric is not her father," replied the Prior.

---

[1] The French word "de" means "of"; the second part of the name usually gives the name of the place from which the man comes; cf. Cedric *of* Rotherwood.

"She is only distantly related to him. He is her guardian. Be careful how you look on Rowena, for he guards her with the greatest care. It is said that he drove his only son, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, from home, only because he looked affectionately towards her. Cedric wishes to marry her to Athelstane of Coningsburgh, an older man, descended from the Saxon kings.—But here is the stone cross. The Fool told us, I think, to turn to the left."



"To the right," said the Templar, "so far as I remember. But here is someone asleep at the foot of this cross. Let me stir him up with my spear."

The person arose. "Why do you disturb my thoughts?" he said.

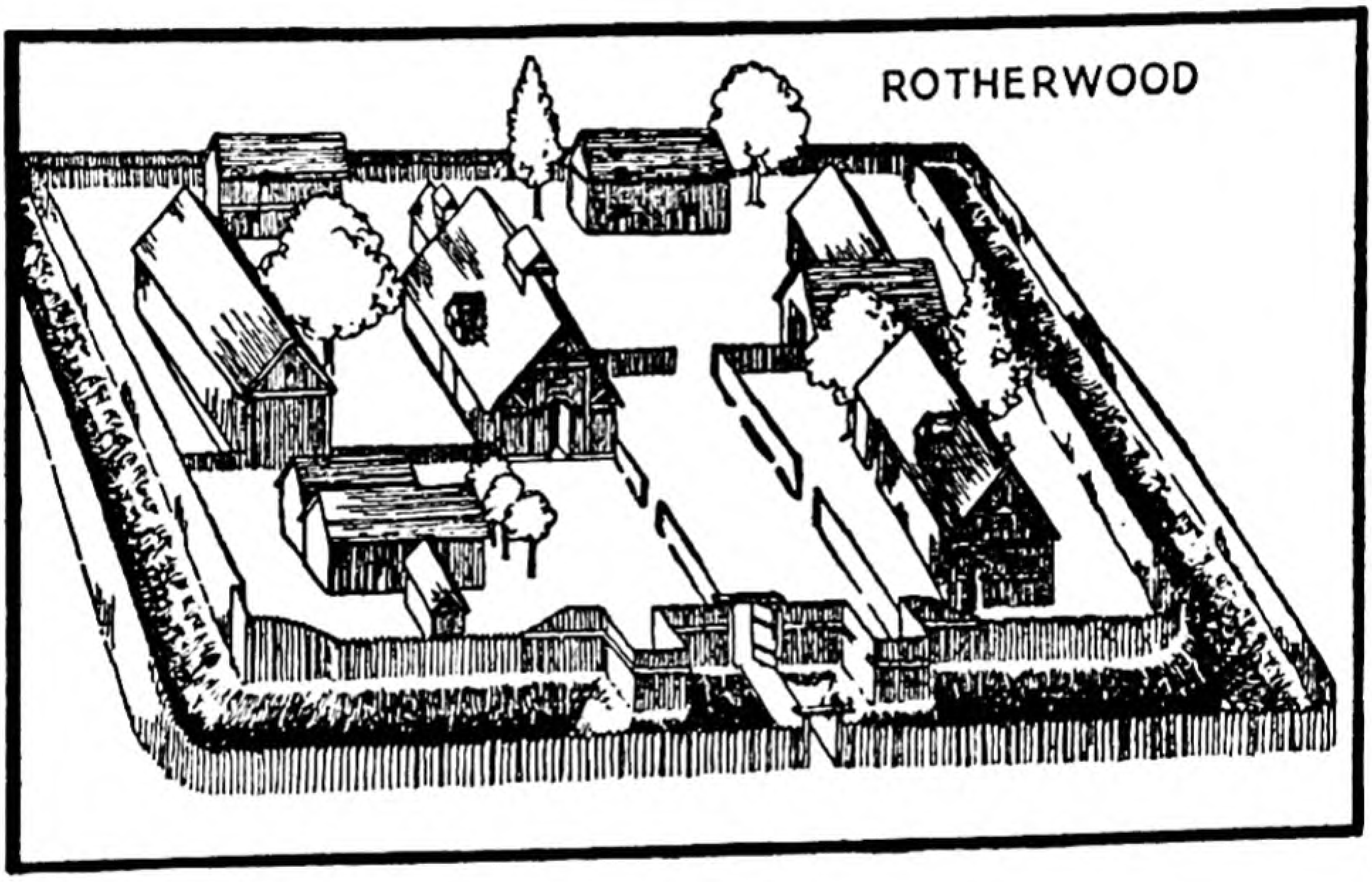
"We only wished to ask you," said the Prior, "the road to Rotherwood, the house of Cedric the Saxon."

"I am going there myself," replied the stranger, "and I will guide you. I am a pilgrim just returned from a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

He took them along the right-hand path, which soon led deep into the forest.

"I am surprised," said the Prior, "that after so long an absence, you remember the paths of this forest so well."

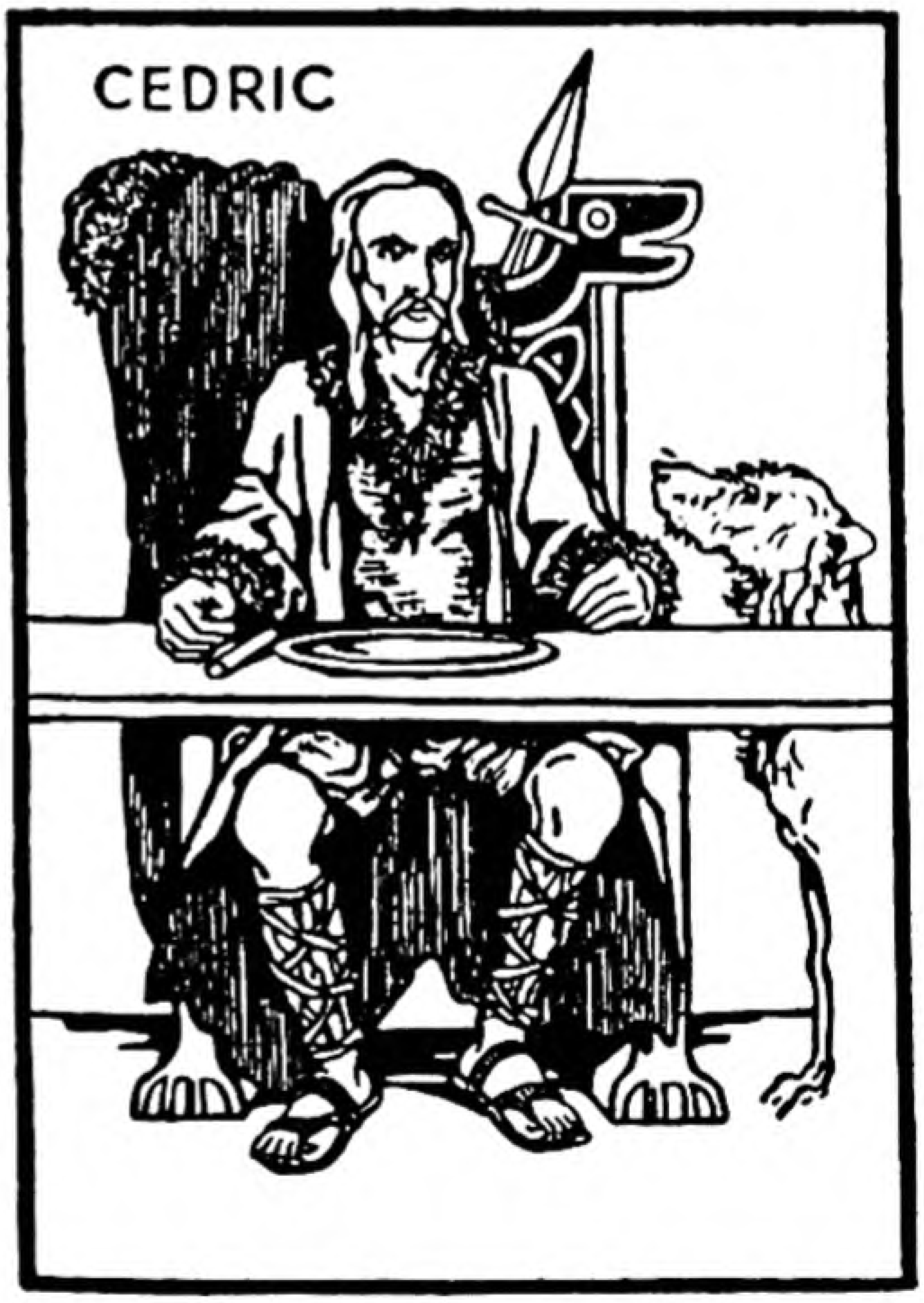
"I was born a native of these parts," answered their guide.



CHAPTER THREE

CEDRIC THE SAXON

CEDRIC sat in his hall. He was not in a very pleasant state of mind, for three reasons—Lady Rowena had been absent to attend an evening service at a distant church and was late in returning: Gurth should have long ago returned with the swine: and he wanted Wamba to amuse him during his evening meal.



"Why does not the Lady Rowena come?" he asked angrily.

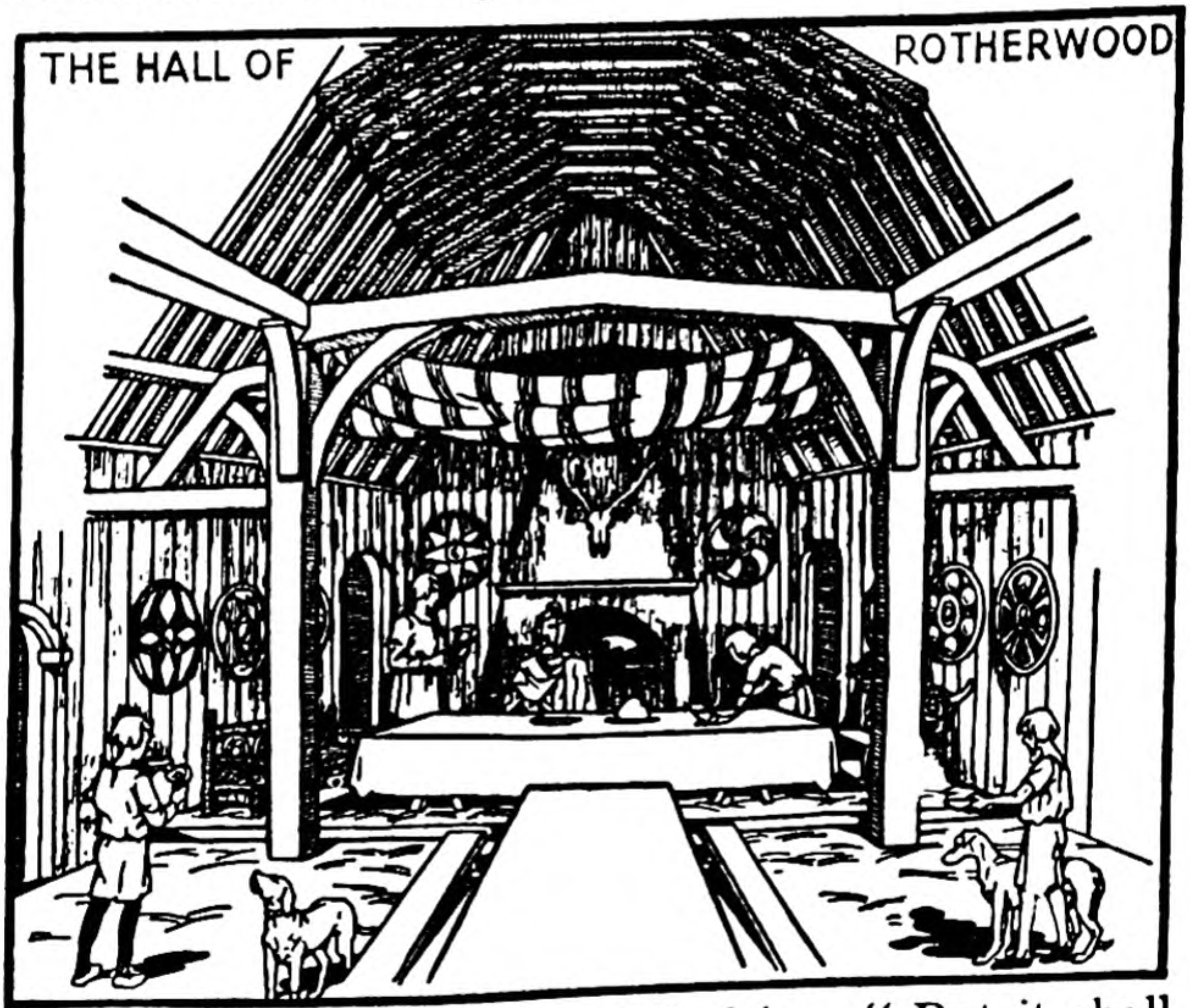
"She is but changing her garments," replied Elgitha, a female attendant.

"What, in the name of ten devils, keeps Gurth so late in the fields? I shall hear, I guess, that my property has been carried away by the hungry servants of the Normans. And Wamba, where is Wamba? Did not someone say that he had gone forth with Gurth?"

Oswald, the cup-bearer, replied that this was so.

"Ah! And he is carried off too, the Saxon fool to serve the Norman lord. Ah, Wilfrid! Wilfrid! If you could have ruled your unreasonable passion, your father would not have been left in his old age like a solitary oak throwing out its unprotected branches against the full force of the storm!"

Cedric was aroused from these sad thoughts by the sound of a horn, and soon afterwards a servant entered saying, "Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx and the good knight Brian de Bois-Guilbert request food and shelter for the night, being on their way to a **tournament** at Ashby."



"Normans both!" said Cedric. "But it shall not be said that a guest has been turned away from the door of Rotherwood. Go, Hundebert, and bring them in. Oswald, bring up the best wine. Bois-Guilbert! That name has been spread wide for good and evil. He is a brave knight—but proud, cruel and wicked." He turned to Elgitha. "Tell the Lady Rowena," he said, "that we shall not expect her in the hall this night, unless it be her especial pleasure to come."

"But it will be her especial pleasure," answered Elgitha, "for she is always eager to hear the latest news from Palestine."

"Silence!" cried Cedric. "Palestine!" he whispered to himself. "I, too, might listen with a beating heart to the latest news from Palestine; but no! The son who has disobeyed me is no longer mine, nor will I concern myself about his fate."

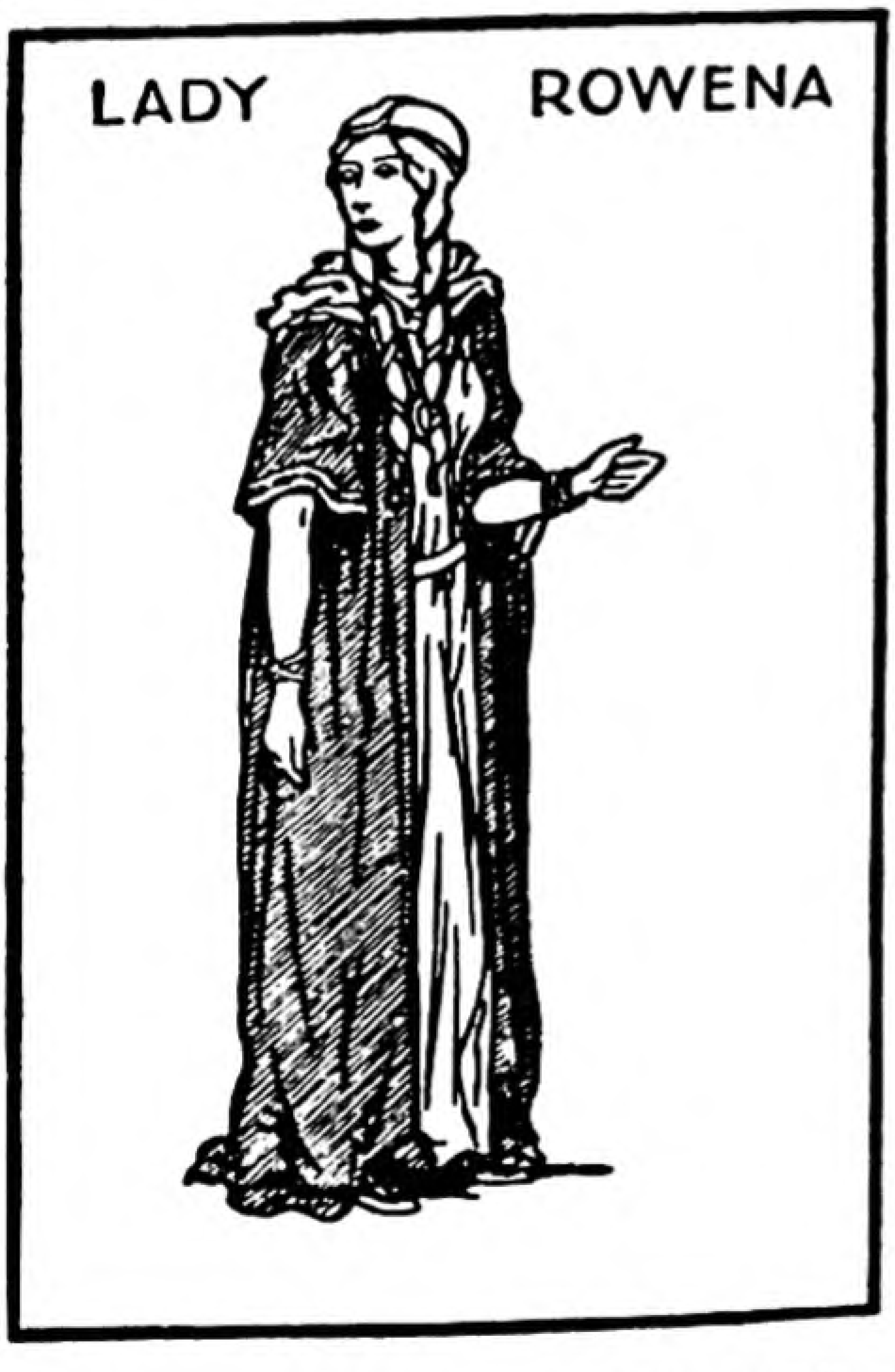
The doors at the end of the hall were cast open wide, and the guests entered.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE FEAST—AND A CHALLENGE

CEDRIC rose to receive his guests, and gave a signal that the evening meal should be placed on the table.

Just as the feast was about to begin, the chief servant raised his hand and said aloud, "Make place for the Lady Rowena!" A side door opened, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the hall.



All stood up to receive her.

"I am well repaid," whispered the Templar to the Prior.

"Did I not say that she was beautiful?" answered the Prior.

Rowena perceived the Templar's eyes fixed upon her, and drew the veil around her face as a sign of her displeasure.

"Sir Brian," said Cedric, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens are not accustomed to such fixed glances."

"If I have offended," replied Bois-Guilbert, "I ask pardon of you, and of Lady Rowena."

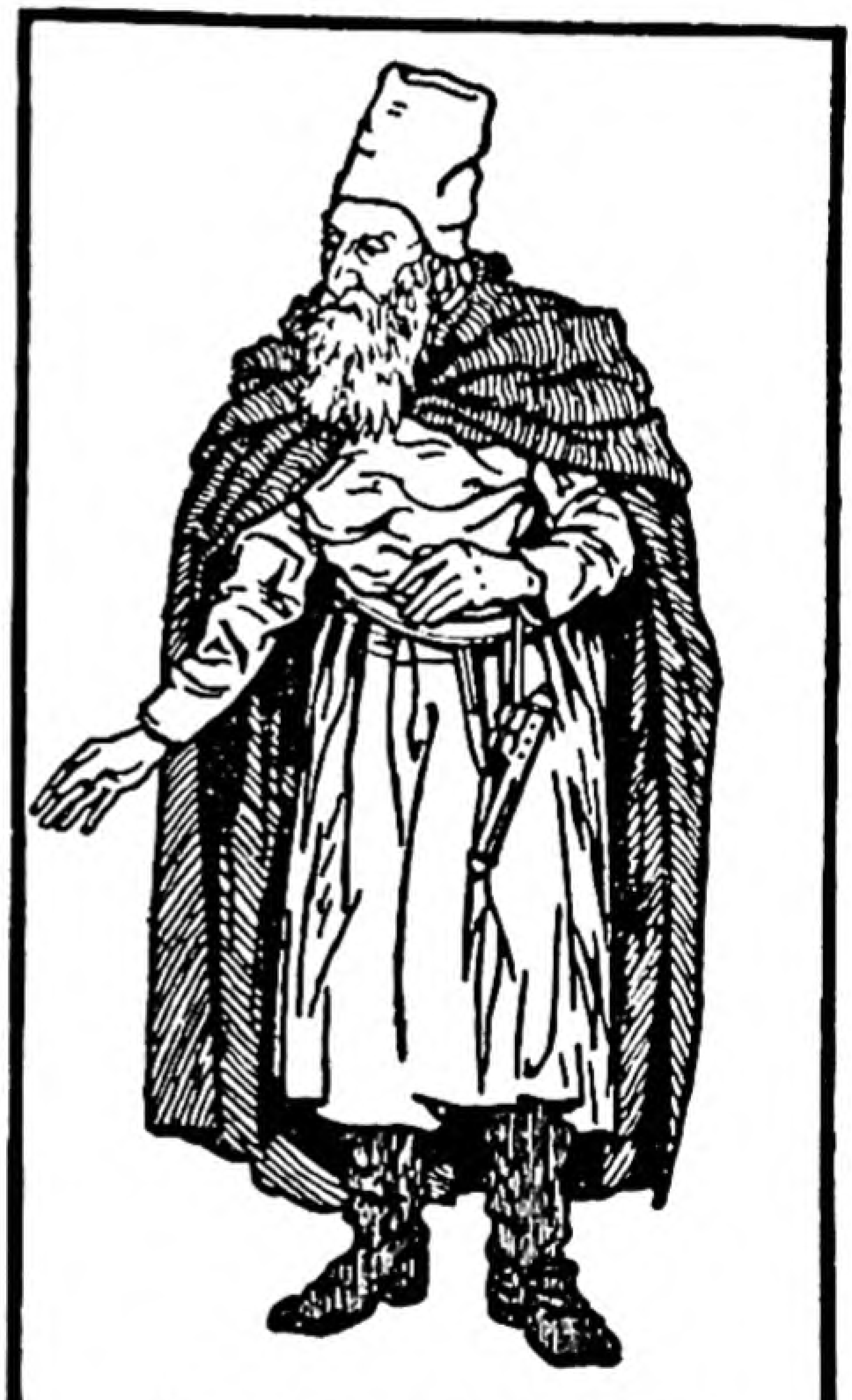
"The Lady Rowena," said the Prior, "has punished us all by drawing her veil. Let us hope that she will be less cruel at the tournament."

"Our going there is uncertain," replied Cedric.

The conversation was here broken off by the entrance of a page, saying that there was a stranger at the gate begging for shelter.

"Admit him," said Cedric, "be he what or who he may. See to it, Oswald."

Oswald, returning, whispered in the ear of his master, "It is a Jew named Isaac of York."


ISAAC OF YORK

A tall, thin old man entered the hall. He made a deep bow, which Cedric answered with a nod. The Jew stood looking for a welcome or a place in which to sit. The Pilgrim, who sat by the fire, took pity on him, gave him his seat and fetched him some food from the table.

"Drink a cup of wine with me, Sir Brian," said Cedric. "Let us drink to the brave: let us drink to those who fight best in Palestine."

"I drink to my own order, the Order of the Knights Templar," said Bois-Guilbert, "for they are the best."

"Were there none in the English army," said Lady Rowena, "who are equal to the Templars?"

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"Forgive me, lady," he replied: "King Richard did indeed bring to Palestine an army of brave English soldiers, and they were second only to the Knights Templar."

"Second to *none*!" said the Pilgrim. All turned towards the place from which this unexpected answer came. "I say besides—for I saw it myself—that King Richard himself and six of his English knights held a tournament at Acre and **challenged** all who came; and they were victorious. Seven Templars were overthrown on that day."

The face of the Templar was black with rage: Cedric was delighted. "I will give you this gold ring, Pilgrim," he said, "if you can tell me the names of those knights who so bravely up-held the fame of England."

"The first," said the Pilgrim, "was Richard, King of England; Lord Leicester was the second; Sir Thomas Moulton was the third; Sir Foulk Doiley was the fourth, and the fifth was Sir Edwin Turnham."

"All Saxons," cried Cedric. "And the sixth?"

"The sixth," said the Pilgrim after a pause, "was a young knight of less fame and lower rank; his name does not remain in my memory."

"Why, Pilgrim," said Bois-Guilbert, "do you pretend to forget that name, after you have remembered so much? I will tell the name of the knight who, by his own good luck and the fault of my horse, succeeded in overthrowing me. It was Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. Yet this I say, and loudly—that if he were in England and dared meet me again at Ashby, I know what the result would be."

"I promise," replied the Pilgrim, "that if Ivanhoe returns from Palestine, he shall surely meet you."

"If he does not, I shall proclaim him a coward in every country of Europe," said Bois-Guilbert.

"There will be no need of that," said Lady Rowena. "My voice shall be heard, if no other voice in this hall is raised on the side of the absent Ivanhoe. I also swear that Ivanhoe shall give this proud knight the meeting he desires."

The Prior feared that such talk might end in a quarrel.

"Sir Cedric," said he, "let us drink one last cup to the health of Lady Rowena and then go to our beds."

The wine was passed round. The guests made a deep bow to their host and to Lady Rowena. They then arose and mingled in the hall, while Cedric and Rowena retired with their attendants.

"Ho, Jew!" said Bois-Guilbert to Isaac as he passed him, "are you directing your course to the tournament?"

"I do so intend," replied the Jew, bowing low.

"And I'll vow you have a fine store of money in your bag," said the knight.

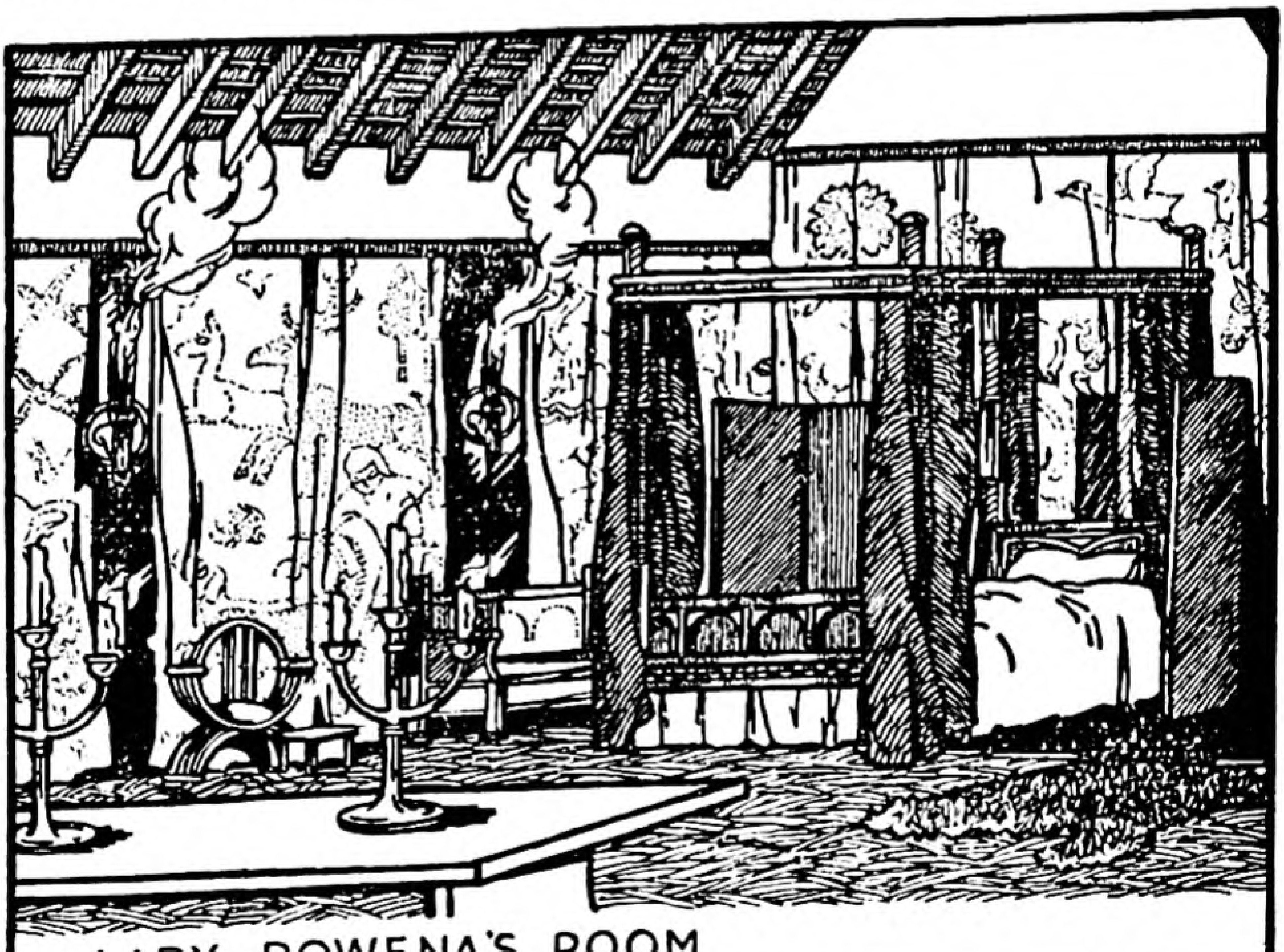
"Not a penny," cried the Jew in terror; "even these clothes are not my own."

Bois-Guilbert laughed angrily and passed on to the end of the hall. There were standing the Templar's Eastern servants: he went up to them and talked with them in a language unknown to the bystanders.

CHAPTER FIVE

A MYSTERIOUS PILGRIM

As the Pilgrim was led by a domestic servant named Anwold to his bedroom, he was met by a waiting-maid of Rowena, who said that her mistress desired to speak with him. She took the lamp from the servant and made a sign to the Pilgrim to follow her.



LADY ROWENA'S ROOM

A short passage and an ascent of seven steps led to Lady Rowena's room. Lady Rowena was seated in a large chair arranging her hair. Three attendants were standing behind her. She turned to them. "Retire, excepting only Elgitha," she said; "I wish to speak with this holy Pilgrim."

"Pilgrim," said the lady, after a moment's pause, "this night you mentioned the name of Ivanhoe. Many hearts in that hall must have been moved by the sound of that name, and yet I alone dare ask you where and in what condition you left him."

"I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe," answered the Pilgrim with a troubled voice. "I wish that I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He will, I believe, return to England very soon; and you, lady, must know better than I what is his chance of happiness there."

The Lady Rowena sighed deeply. "Would to God," she said, "that he were safely arrived here, and able to bear arms in this tournament. If Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtains the prize, Ivanhoe is likely to hear sad news when he reaches England.—Maiden, draw near and offer the sleeping-cup to this holy man whom I will no longer detain from his rest."

The Pilgrim followed Elgitha out of the room. At the door he found Anwold, who led him to the outer part of the building, where a number of small rooms served as sleeping places for servants and strangers of lower degree.

"In which of these sleeps the Jew?" said the Pilgrim.

"In the room next to your holiness," said Anwold.

"And where sleeps Gurth the Swineherd?"

"Gurth," replied the slave, "sleeps in the room on your right."

He entered the room and shut the door. The articles in the room were all of the most simple kind—a rough wooden seat, a still ruder bed covered with straw, and a few sheepskins as bed-clothes.

The Pilgrim put out his light and threw himself down on this rough couch without taking off any part of his clothes. . . . He slept until the earliest sunbeams found their way through the little barred window. He then jumped up, repeated his prayers, and set his dress in order as he left the room and entered that of Isaac the Jew.

The Jew was lying in troubled slumber upon a couch like that on which the Pilgrim had passed the night. His hands and arms moved as if he were struggling with some terrible dream. "For the sake of the God of Abraham," he murmured, "spare an unhappy man! I am poor! I am penniless. Even if you tear me limb from limb I could give you nothing."

The Pilgrim touched him. The touch became associated in the mind of the Jew with some of the fears excited by his dream; for the old man leapt up, his grey hair standing up on his head. Drawing his garments about him, he fixed his keen black eyes on the Pilgrim with an expression of wild surprise and bodily fear.

"Fear nothing from me, Isaac," said the Pilgrim. "I come as your friend. As the Templar crossed the hall last night he spoke to his servants in the Arabic language. I understand Arabic. He told them to seize the Jew as soon as he was some distance from this house, and carry him to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin or Front-de-Boeuf.[1]"

It is impossible to describe the extreme terror which seized upon the Jew at this information. His arms fell down to his sides. His head drooped on his breast. His knees bent and he sank at the feet of the Pilgrim. "Holy God of Abraham!" he cried, "the dream was not dreamed in vain. Already I feel their irons tear my limbs."

"Stand up, Isaac, and listen to me," said the

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[1] *This name means "Forehead of Bull."*

Pilgrim. "Leave this house instantly while all are asleep after last night's feast. I will guide you by the secret paths of this forest until you are safe on your way to the tournament."

As the ears of Isaac received the hopes of escape, he began gradually, inch by inch, to raise himself up from the ground until he rested upon his knees. "Good youth, I will go with you," he cried. "Why do we delay?"

"I am not delaying, but I must obtain the means of leaving this place. Follow me." He led the way into the next room, which was occupied by Gurth the Swineherd. Wamba the Fool was there also.

"Arise quickly, Gurth," said the Pilgrim. "Undo the small gate in the rear of the house, and let out the Jew and me."

Gurth was offended at the familiar and commanding tone of the Pilgrim. He raised himself on his elbow. "Both the Jew and the other must be content to a-wait the opening of the great gate. We allow no visitors to depart secretly at such an hour."

"But," said the Pilgrim in a commanding tone, "you will not refuse me that favour." He stooped over the bed and whispered something in Gurth's ear. Gurth leapt up as if electrified. The Pilgrim raised his finger as a warning. "Be careful, Gurth. Undo the gate. You shall know more later."

Gurth hastily obeyed, while Wamba and the Jew followed, both wondering at the sudden change in the Swineherd's behaviour.

"Give the Jew his horse, and give me another, so that I may ride with him."

"Willingly, most willingly," said Gurth.

"I wish I knew," said Wamba, when his friend's back was turned, "what you Pilgrims learn in the Holy Land."

" We learn to say our prayers, Fool," answered the Pilgrim, " and to repent of our sins."

" Something more than that," answered the Fool; " for repentance and prayer would not make Gurth do an act of politeness, nor persuade him to lend you a horse." . . .

The travellers pressed on their journey with such haste as was a clear sign of the Jew's terror. The Pilgrim, to whom every path in the wood appeared to be familiar, led the way. After they had gone for some distance, the Pilgrim at last broke the silence.

" That great oak marks the boundary of the lands over which Front-de-Boeuf claims authority: we are far from those of Malvoisin. Here, then, we part. There is now no fear of pursuit."

" Not till you have had a poor Jew's thanks," said Isaac. " I wish to repay your kindness. Forgive me if I guess what you most need now."

" Even if you were to guess truly, it is something which you cannot supply," said the Pilgrim.

" I can tell what you lack and, it may be, supply it too. Your wish is for a horse and armour."

The Pilgrim turned towards the Jew in surprise. " What devil aided you to that guess ? "

" Your words last night showed that you were not what you seemed. Moreover, inside that pilgrim's gown is hidden the golden chain of a knight. It glimmered as you stooped over my bed this morning. In the town of Leicester there is a rich Jew, Kirjath Jairam. All men know him. Give him this paper. He has six sets of the finest armour; the worst of them would suit a king. Of these he will give you your choice, and he will lend you everything else which you need for the tournament. When the tournament is over, you must return them safely, or else pay their value."

" But, Isaac," said the Pilgrim, smiling, " do you not know that in these sports the armour of any knight who is thrown from his horse is given to the conqueror? "

The Jew looked somewhat troubled at this possibility; then his better feelings gained a victory over his love of money. " I care not," he said, " I care not—let it go. If there is damage, it will cost you nothing. If there is money to be paid for the hire, Kirjath Jairam will forgive it for my sake. Farewell. Yet listen, good youth," he said, turning back; " do not push yourself forward too much in this vain tournament. I do not speak of endangering the horse and the armour, but for the sake of your own life and limbs."

" I thank you for your warning," said the Pilgrim, again smiling. " I will make use of your kind offer, and I will do my best to repay it."

They parted and took different roads for the town of Sheffield.

CHAPTER SIX

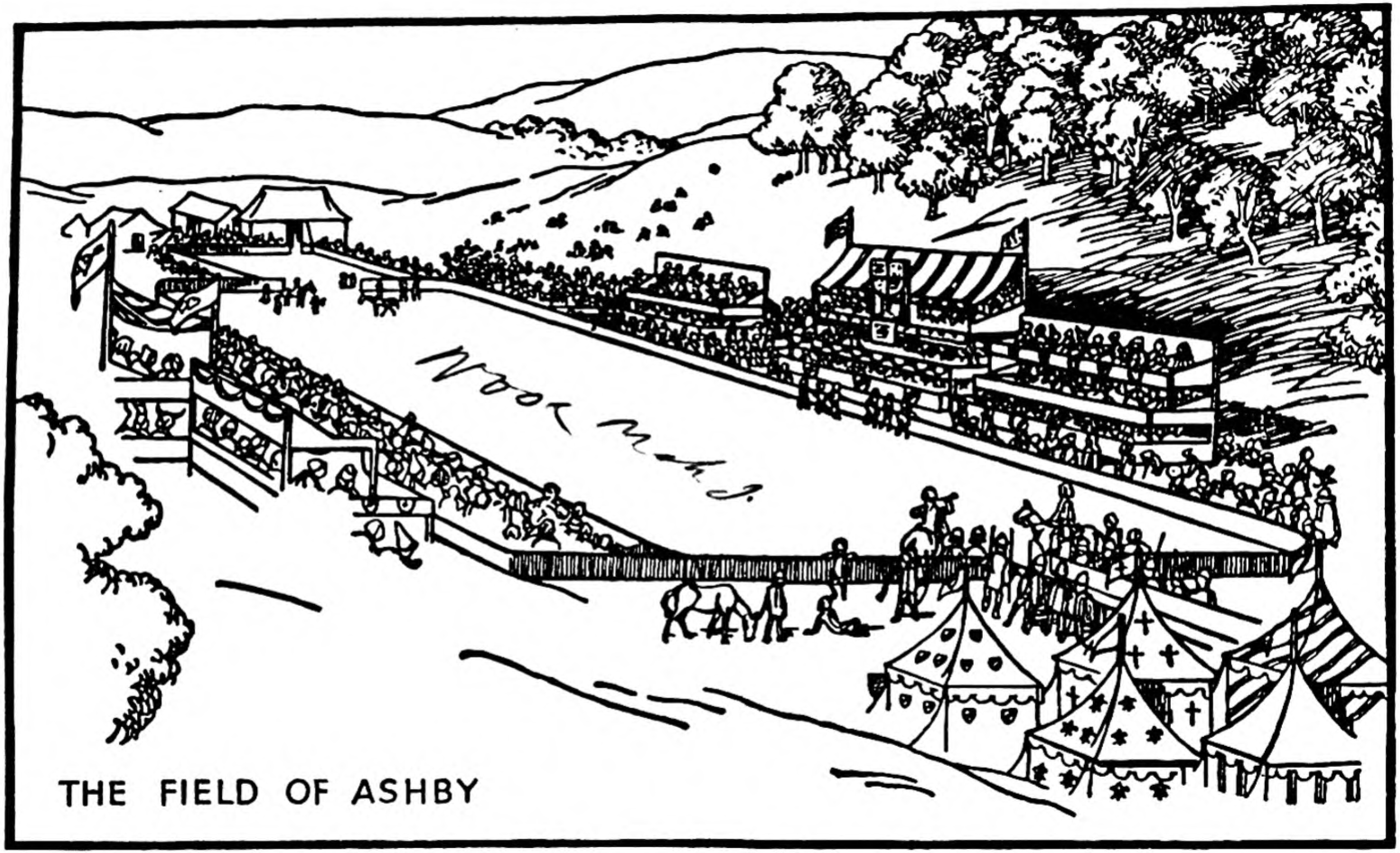
THE TOURNAMENT AT ASHBY

THE tournament at Ashby was to be held in the presence of Prince John himself.

The scene was extremely beautiful. On the edge of a wood about a mile from the town of Ashby was a wide meadow. Beyond the southern entrance of the meadow stood five large tents, each adorned with the colours of the five knights who had challenged all comers. The central tent was that of Brian de Bois-Guilbert; on one side of him were Reginald Front-de-Boeuf and Philip de Malvoisin, and on the other side were the tents of Hugh de Grantmesnil and Ralph de Vipont.

At the northern entrance were the tents of the knights who would fight against these five. In the centre, just opposite the place where the fight would take place, were seats; one of these seats, raised higher than the rest, was the throne on which Prince John would sit. On the other side of the meadow, opposite to these seats, was another set of seats even more gaily adorned. Among flags bearing pictures of wounded hearts, bows and arrows, and all the signs of love, was a throne, above which was written "*The Queen of Beauty and of Love.*" But who was to be chosen Queen of Beauty and of Love on this occasion, no one was prepared to predict.

Spectators of every kind were crowding forward to occupy their stations. Knights, lords, and ladies filled the better seats. The lower space was soon



THE FIELD OF ASHBY

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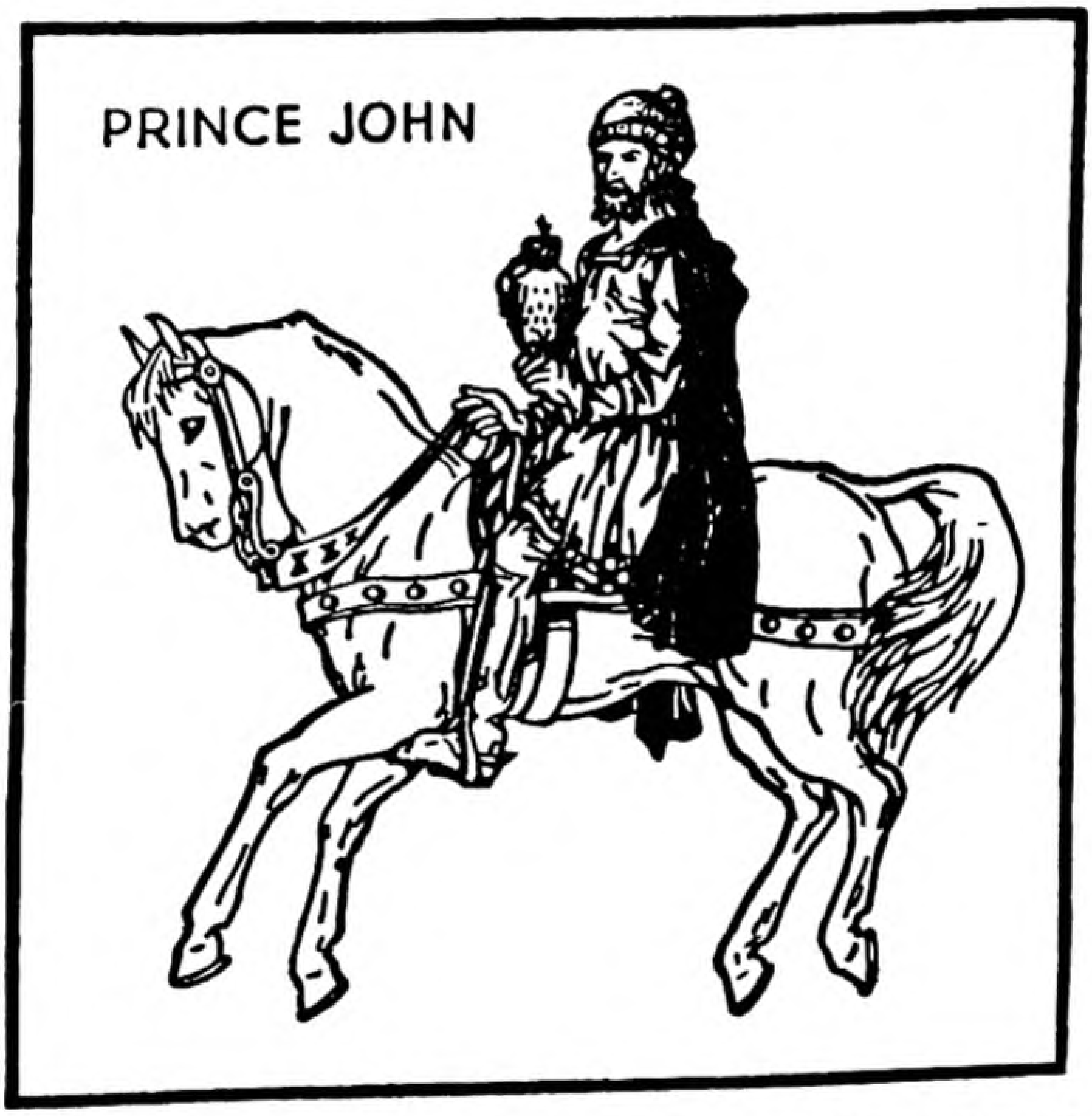
filled by farmers, townsfolk, and gentlemen of lower degree. It was amongst these that quarrels for places most frequently occurred.

"Ho, Jew!" cried an old man whose worn-out coat showed that he was poor, but whose sword and golden chain showed that he was of high rank, "how dare you press upon a Norman gentleman of the blood of Montdidier!"

These words were addressed to no other than our friend Isaac. He was richly dressed in a coat edged with fur, and was trying to make a place in the front row of seats for his daughter, the beautiful Rebecca, who was now hanging on her father's arm. The complaint of the old Norman aroused the anger of the bystanders. Among these was a strong, well-built man, dressed in green, with twelve arrows in his belt, and a bow six feet long. But just at this moment the attention of everyone was called to the sudden entrance of Prince John, attended by a



numerous and gay company. Among them was the Prior of Jorvaulx—fur and gold were not spared on his garments. The rest of Prince John's company consisted of some of the leaders of his army, and lords attendant upon the Court. The Prince himself was splendidly dressed in red and gold, and had on his head a fur cap adorned with precious stones. His face was handsome, but proud and hard, and full of dishonesty and deception.

As the Prince rode round the meadow his attention was drawn to the disturbance caused by the attempt of Isaac to secure a seat in the front row. His quick eye instantly recognized the Jew, but was much more agreeably attracted by his beautiful daughter. Her beautiful face was shown to advantage by the Eastern dress which she wore. Her head-dress of yellow silk well suited the darkness of her skin. The brightness of her eyes, the proud arch of her eyebrows, her well-formed nose, her teeth white as pearls, and the wealth of her dark hair falling upon her lovely neck and bosom—all these together made up such a union of loveliness as was not inferior to the most beautiful of the maidens who surrounded her.

"I swear by the head of Abraham," said Prince John, "yonder Jewess is the very model of perfection. What do you say, Prior Aymer?"

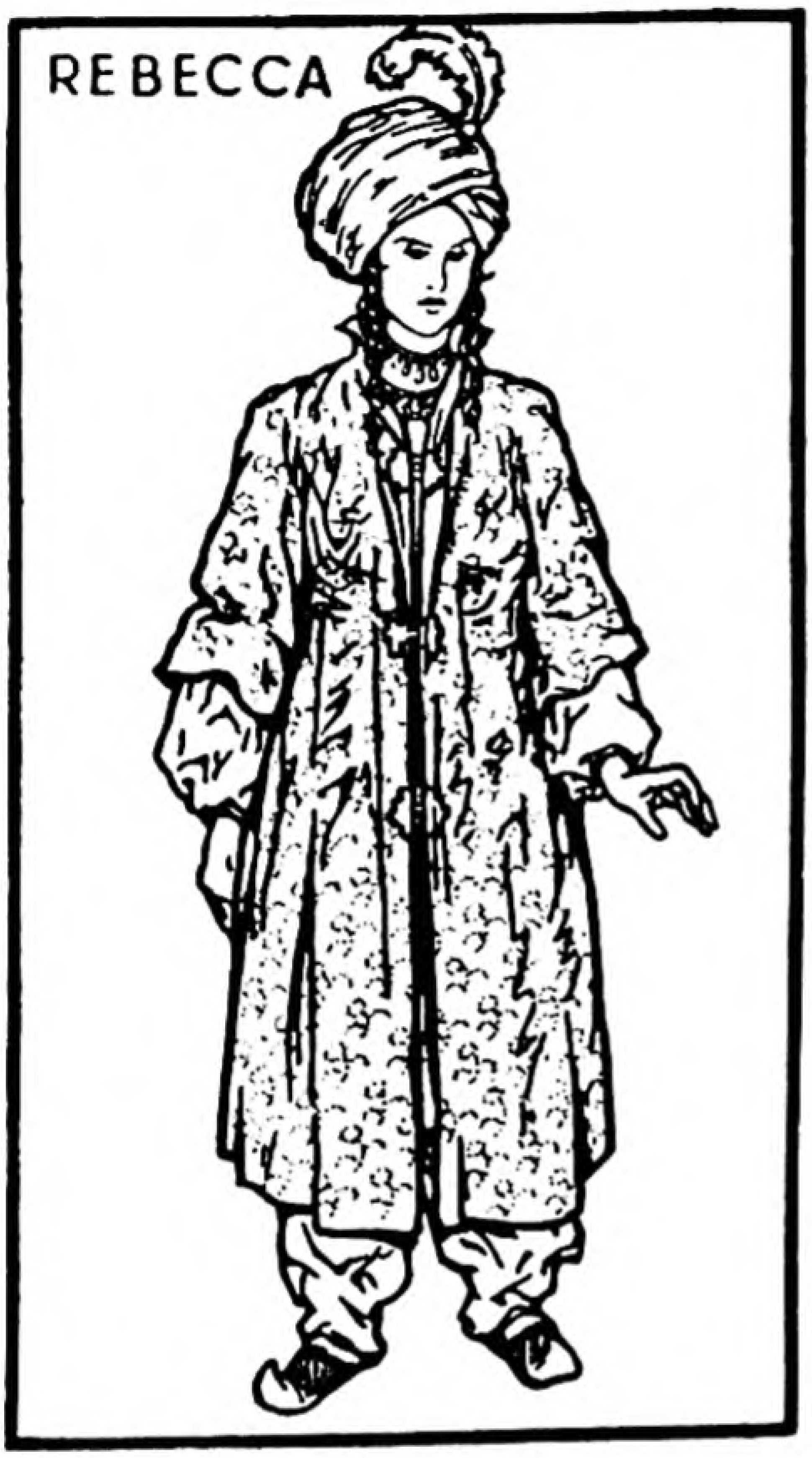
"The Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley," answered the Prior.

"What is she, Isaac," asked the Prince "—your wife or your daughter?"

"My daughter, Rebecca, so please Your Grace," answered Isaac with a low bow.

"We have yet, Sir Prior," said Prince John, "to name the fair Queen of Love and Beauty by whose white hand the prize is to be given. For my part, I would choose the black-eyed Rebecca."

"Heavens!" answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror. "—Besides, I swear that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."



"What matters it?" answered the Prince "—what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, if only to put the ill-bred Saxons to shame."

An angry murmur arose, even among the Prince's own attendants. John saw the necessity of yielding.

"Let the fair queen's throne remain unoccupied," said De Bracy, "until the conqueror is named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled."

The Prince agreed. He sat on his throne and ordered that the Rules of the Tournament be proclaimed. These were as follows:

1. The five challengers were to meet all other knights who came against them.

2. Any knight might choose a special foe amongst the five challengers by touching his shield with his spear. If he touched the shield with the handle of the spear the trial of skill would be made with spears at whose end a round flat board had been fixed so that there was no danger of a wound. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the spear, the fight was to be *à l'outrance*—that is, the knights would fight with sharp weapons as in actual battle.

3. The winner in the first day of the tournament

should receive as a prize a war-horse of wonderful beauty and strength, and should have the honour of naming the Queen of Love by whom the prize was to be given on the following day.

4. On the second day there was to be a general tournament in which all the knights present might take part. They would be divided into two bands of equal numbers, and they would fight until the signal was given by Prince John to cease. The Queen of Love would then crown the knight judged by the Prince to have fought best.

The meadow now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sides were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy and beautiful in the northern and mid-land parts of England.

The Prince's servants ended their proclamation with the usual cry "*Largesse, largesse,* brave knights." The word *largesse* meant "gifts of money." Gold and silver was thrown down to them by the spectators. In answer to these gifts they cried, "Love of Ladies—Death of Fighters—Honour to the Generous—Glory to the Brave." Music played as they withdrew from the field.

The enclosed space at the northern end of the meadow was now crowded with knights desiring to prove their skill against the five challengers.

At last the gates were opened and five knights chosen from among them advanced into the centre, restraining their horses, and thus at the same time showing their own grace and skill as riders. As the procession entered the meadow the sound of music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers. With the eyes of the immense gathering of spectators fixed upon them the five knights advanced up to the place where the tents of the challengers stood. There, separating themselves, each touched with the handle of his spear the shield of the knight to whom he wished to oppose himself. They then retreated to the extreme end of the meadow, where they remained drawn up in line.

The challengers, each coming out of his tent, mounted their horses and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their shields.

At a given signal they charged against each other at full speed. The opponents of Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin and Front-de-Boeuf were thrust from their horses and rolled on the ground. The opponent of Grantmesnil did not bear his spear-point against the head or shield of his foe, but turned so much from the direct line that he broke the weapon across the body of his enemy—a circumstance which was considered more disgraceful than being actually thrown from his horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party; both he and Ralph de Vipont broke their spears without advantage to either side.

A second and a third party of knights entered the field; and, though they had various successes, on the whole the advantage remained with the challengers. The spirits of those opposed to them seemed to be rather lowered by their continued success. Three knights only appeared at the fourth meeting. They avoided the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Boeuf, and touched those of the three other knights who had not shown so much strength and skill. But this timid choice did not alter the fortune of the field; all three were conquered.

After this there was a long pause. It did not appear that anyone desired to begin the fight again. The spectators murmured, for among the challengers Malvoisin and Front-de-Boeuf were hated for their characters, and the other three were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none felt this dissatisfaction so keenly as

Cedric the Saxon. In each advantage gained by the Norman challengers he saw a victory over the honour of his own people. He looked anxiously at Athelstane.

"The day is against England, my lord," said Cedric; "are you tempted to take the spear?"

"I shall fight to-morrow," answered Athelstane: "it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day."

The pause continued.

The music of the challengers sounded from time to time, as if calling for new opponents to meet them; but none came. The common people regretted that their holiday was passing away in inactivity. Old knights and lords said that the young men were not what they used to be; Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the feast, and said that it would be necessary to give the prize to Bois-Guilbert, who had with his own spear overthrown three knights.

At last, as the music of the challengers concluded one of its outbursts, it was answered by a solitary horn from the northern end. All eyes were turned to see the new-comer. His suit of armour was made of steel richly adorned with gold. His shield showed a picture of a young oak tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, meaning "uprooted" or "driven out from home." He was mounted on a fine black horse, and, as he passed, he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his spear. The skill with which he managed his horse and the youthful grace which he showed won for him the favour of the multitude, who called out to him, "Touch De Vipont's shield; he has the least sure seat; he is your cheapest bargain."

He moved onward to the other end of the meadow, and, to the astonishment of all, rode straight up to the centre tent and struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert, thus calling upon him to fight *à l'outrance*. He then made his horse go backwards to the other end of the field, where he remained stationary, in expectation of his opponent.

The signal was given. The two opponents vanished from their places in a flash, and met in the centre of the field with the shock of thunder. The spears were broken to pieces, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock made both horses almost fall over backwards. The two riders skilfully recovered their horses, gazed fiercely at each other for a moment, then retired to the ends of the field, where they received a fresh spear from the attendants.

There was a silence, so deep as if the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

Again the signal was given. They sprang a second time from their stations and met in the centre of the field with the same speed, the same skill, but not the same equal fortune as before. Bois-Guilbert aimed at the centre of his opponent's shield and struck it so truly and with such force that his spear was broken to pieces, and the *Desdichado*, or "Homeless Knight," almost fell from his saddle. The Homeless Knight had, at the beginning of his charge, directed the point of his spear towards Bois-Guilbert's shield; but almost at the moment of meeting he aimed at the helmet. The head was a mark more difficult to hit, but, if reached, more ir-resist-ible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the helmet. Yet, even so, Bois-Guilbert would not have fallen; but his saddle broke, and horse and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

Bois-Guilbert quickly freed himself from the fallen horse; then, filled with madness at his failure and at the shouts of the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it at his conqueror. The Homeless Knight sprang from his horse and also drew his sword. The Judges quickly urged their horses between them and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not permit this kind of fighting.

"We shall meet again, I hope," said Bois-Guilbert, casting an angry glance at his opponent, "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Homeless Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or on horseback, with spear, axe, or with sword, I am equally ready to meet you."

More and angrier words would have passed between them, but the Judges, crossing their spears between them, compelled them to separate.

The conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening his helmet he drank it, "To all true English hearts and to victory over the Normans." He then ordered that a proclamation be made to the challengers that he would meet them all in the order in which they chose to advance against him. . . .

The gigantic Front-de-Boeuf, armed in black armour, was the first who entered the field. The Homeless Knight obtained a slight, but undoubted, advantage over him. In his meeting with Malvoisin he was equally successful, for he struck him with such force that the helmet was dragged off him, and he was declared to be conquered like his companion. In his battle with De Grantmesnil the Homeless Knight showed great politeness. De Grantmesnil's horse was young, and it so jumped about in its charge as to disturb the rider's aim. The Homeless Knight, refusing to take advantage of this accident, raised his spear and rode past his opponent without touching him. He then rode back to his end of the field and offered his opponent the chance of a second meeting. This De Grantmesnil refused, saying that he was conquered not only by the skill but also by the politeness of his opponent. Ralph de Vipont was the last: he was thrown to the ground with such force that blood flowed from his nose and mouth, and he was borne senseless from the field.

Amid the shouts of thousands of people the Prince declared that the day's honours belonged to the Homeless Knight.

CHAPTER SEVEN

THE CHOICE OF THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY

THE two Judges were the first to greet the victorious knight, and asked him if he would allow his helmet to be removed, or at least opened to show his face, before they conducted him to receive the prize for the day's tournament. The Homeless Knight very politely refused this request. The Judges, therefore, informed the Prince that the conqueror desired to remain unknown.

John was displeased. "Do you know, my lords," said he, turning to his attendants, "who this knight may be who bears himself so proudly?"

A whisper arose among them. "It might be the King; it might be Richard Lion-heart himself."

"God forbid!" said Prince John, turning as pale as death. "Waldemar—De Bracy, brave knights and gentlemen, remember your promises and stand truly by me!"

"There is no danger," said Waldemar; "your elder brother's gigantic limbs could not be held within yonder suit of armour."

The Judges brought forward the Homeless Knight. Prince John was still feeling disturbed; he praised the knight in a few confused words, and handed over to him the war-horse as his prize: and, as he did so, he trembled lest from the closed helmet an answer might be returned in the deep and awful tones of Richard Lion-heart.

The Homeless Knight spoke no word in reply to the Prince, but made a deep bow. Then, laying one hand upon the back of the horse, he leapt upon it.

The Prior of Jorvaulx whispered to the Prince, reminding him that the Queen of Beauty had yet to be chosen for the next day's tournament.

" Sir Homeless Knight," said Prince John, " it is now your duty to name the fair lady who is to be Queen of Beauty and Love at the next day's tournament. Raise your spear."

The knight obeyed and Prince John placed upon its point a crown of green silk edged with gold.

The Homeless Knight rode slowly forward and seemed to be examining the numerous fair faces which adorned that splendid circle. Some of the ladies blushed; some put on a look of pride; some pretended not to know what was happening; some drew back in alarm; and there were two or three who laughed aloud.

At last the knight paused in that part where Lady Rowena was sitting. There he remained stationary for more than a minute, while the eyes of the silent spectators were fixed upon his motions. Then gradually and gracefully sinking the point of his spear, he laid the crown at the feet of the fair Rowena.

CHAPTER EIGHT

REPAYMENT

WHEN the Homeless Knight reached his tent, many servants and pages offered to help him take off his armour; for all desired to know who the knight was. But the knight refused all assistance except that of his own servant, a rough-looking man whose head and face were half hidden in a large black hat: he seemed as eager to remain unrecognized as his master.

The knight had scarcely finished a hasty meal when his servant informed him that five men, each leading a war-horse, desired to speak with him. The knight put on a long robe and a hat which concealed his features. He then stepped forth to the front of his tent.

He found there the servants of the challengers. The first of these stepped forward. " According to the laws of the tournament, I, Baldwin, servant of the famous knight, Brian de Bois-Guilbert, offer to you the horse and armour used by him in to-day's tournament; you may keep these, or allow the knight to buy them back from you, at your choice."

The other servants repeated the same words, and then stood to await the decision of the Homeless Knight.

"To your four knights," replied the knight, addressing the last four who had spoken, "I have one common reply: I will not take from them the horses and arms which can never be used by braver men; but, since I am indeed ' homeless,' and even the armour which I wear is not my own, I must ask them to buy back their horses and armour from me."

" We are ordered to offer one hundred pieces of gold for them," was the reply.

" It is sufficient," said the knight. " My present necessities compel me to accept half the amount; divide the rest among yourselves and the other attendants."

The servants with low bows thanked him for his unusual generosity.

The knight then turned to the servant of Brian de Bois-Guilbert. " From your master I will accept neither arms nor money. Say to him, in my name, that our battle is not ended—no, not until we have fought with swords as well as spears, on foot as well as on horseback. He has challenged me to fight him to the death, and I shall not forget the challenge."

The knight entered his tent.

" Thus far, Gurth," he said, addressing his attendant, " the fame of English knighthood has not suffered in my hands."

" And I," said Gurth, " though I am a swineherd, have not ill-played the part of the Norman servant of a knight-at-arms. But if I am discovered . . ."

" Enough ! " said the knight. " You know my promise; I will repay the risk which you run for my love. Take these ten pieces of gold for yourself. Carry this bag of gold to Ashby and find out Isaac the Jew: let him pay himself for the horse and arms which his friend lent me."

. . . . . .

Isaac and his daughter were staying in the house of a wealthy Jew near to the village of Ashby.

In a small but beautiful room, Rebecca was seated, talking to her father. The evening was becoming dark; a servant entered the room carrying two silver lamps, while rich wines and delicate cakes were laid by another servant upon a small silver table. At the same time the servant informed Isaac that a Christian desired to speak with him. After ordering his daughter, Rebecca, to veil herself, Isaac commanded that the stranger be admitted.

The door opened, and Gurth entered.

"Are you Isaac of York?" he said.

"I am," replied Isaac; "and who are you? From whom do you come?"

"From the Homeless Knight, winner in to-day's tournament. I bring the price of the armour supplied him. The horse is outside. I wish to know what amount I am to pay for the armour."

"I said he was a good youth," said Isaac joyfully. "How much money have you brought with you? You have got a hundred gold pieces in that bag: it is a heavy one."

"I have arrow-heads in it," said Gurth.

"Well then," said Isaac, torn between his usual love of gain and a new-born desire to be generous in the present case. "Well then, if I should say eighty pieces for the horse and armour, have you enough money to pay me?"

"Only just enough," said Gurth, though the amount was less than he had expected. "It will leave my master almost penni-less. The horse is unhurt; you may see him outside; and seventy pieces are enough for the armour. If you will not take seventy, I shall carry this bag back to my master."

"No, no," said Isaac, "lay down the money—the eighty pieces—and you will see that I shall treat you generously."

Gurth laid down the money. The Jew's hand trembled as he counted out the first seventy pieces of gold. The last ten he took up very slowly. "Seventy-one—seventy-two; your master is a good youth—seventy-three; an excellent youth—seventy-four; this piece does not seem to be full weight—seventy-five; and this seems rather light also—seventy-six—seventy-seven." Gurth had good hopes that the last three pieces might be given to him; but the counting went on. "Seventy-eight; you are a good fellow—seventy-nine; and deserve something for yourself." Here Isaac paused again; he looked at the piece; it was a new one, fat and of full weight: he could not part with it. "Eighty completes the number—and I hope your master will give you something. Surely you have more money in that bag?"

Gurth laughed. "About the same amount as you have just counted so carefully."

"Rebecca," said the Jew, "this fellow has been too clever for me; but his master is a good youth."

But Rebecca had left the room.

Gurth descended the stairs, and reached the dark hall: he was feeling his way to find the door, when he saw a person dressed in white, holding a small silver lamp. She signed to him to enter a small side-room. He obeyed and followed her. Inside the room he found to his surprise that his guide was the beautiful Jewess whom he had seen at the tournament and, a short time ago, in her father's room.

"My father was only joking with you, good fellow," said Rebecca. "He owes your master a deeper kindness than these arms and horse could pay, even if they were worth ten times what they are. What amount did you pay my father just now?"

"Eighty pieces of gold," said Gurth, surprised at the question.

"In this bag," said Rebecca, "you will find a hundred. Give your master what is due to him, and take the rest yourself. Now hasten away: and be careful how you pass through this crowded town, or you may easily lose both your money and your life."

"By St. Dunstan," said Gurth as he made his way up the dark avenue, "this is no Jewess but an angel from heaven! Ten gold pieces from my master—twenty from this angel!—Oh, happy day! Such another will buy my freedom."

CHAPTER NINE

GURTH AMONG THE OUTLAWS

THE adventures of Gurth were not yet ended. Indeed he himself hardly expected them to be, for after passing one or two houses on the edge of the village, he found himself in a deep lane running between two banks overgrown with trees and bushes, while here and there an oak tree stretched its limbs altogether across the path. The lane was deeply cut and broken by the wheels of the carriages which had recently transported articles of various kinds to the tournament: and it was dark, for the banks and bushes cut off the light of the moon.

From the village were heard distant sounds of singing and laughter, sometimes broken by screams, and sometimes by wild, distant music. All these sounds, telling of the disorderly state of the town crowded with knights and their attendants, caused Gurth some uneasiness of mind. "The Jewess was right," he said to himself. "By heaven, I wish I were safe at my journey's end with all this treasure. Here are such numbers of wandering knights, and wandering attendants, and wandering soldiers, and wandering servants, that a man with a single shilling would be in danger—much more so a poor swineherd with a whole bag full of gold. I wish I were out of the shade of these cursed bushes so that I might see any of the thieves before they spring on my shoulders."

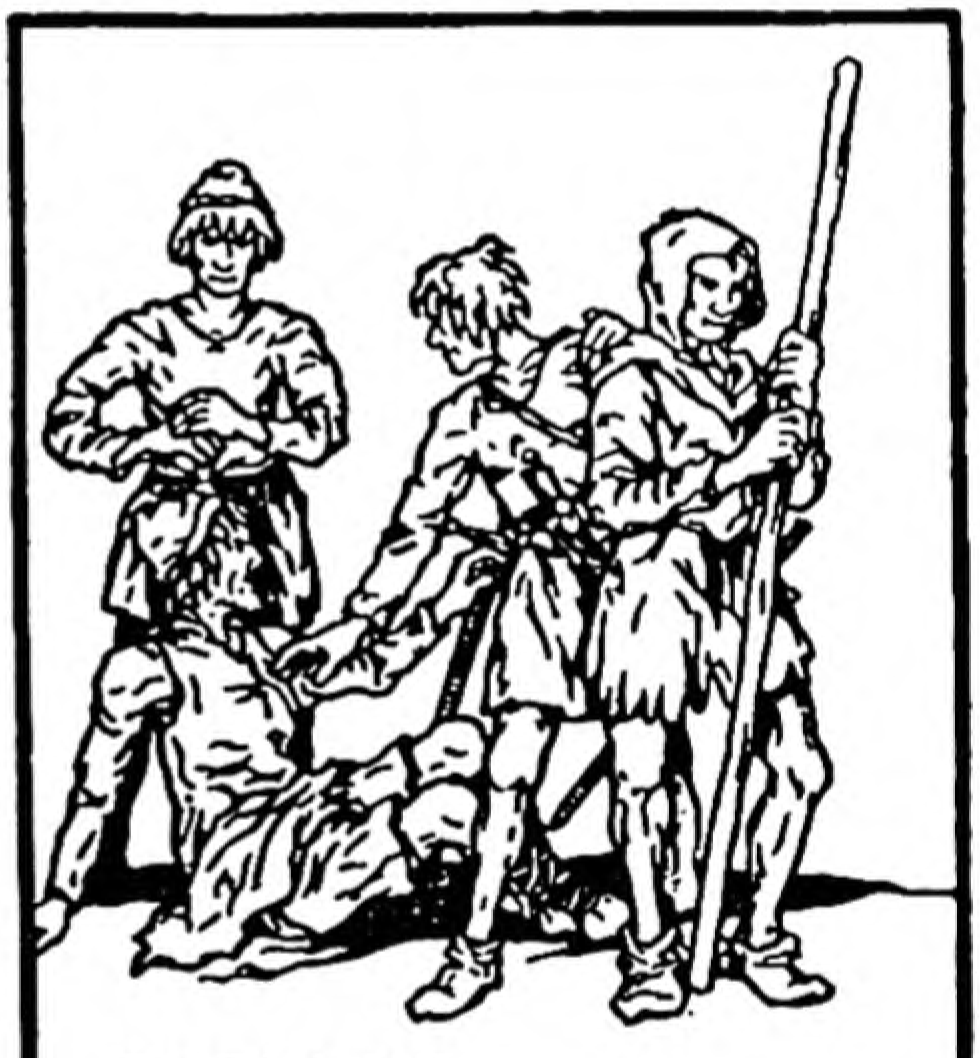
Gurth hastened his pace in order to reach the open land to which the lane led; but he was not so fortunate as to accomplish his purpose. Just as he reached the upper end of the lane, where the bushes were thickest, four men sprang upon him, two from each side of the road, and seized him. Resistance was impossible.

"Surrender your money," said one of them. "We are the Deliverers of the People, and take from every man his burden."

"You would not take mine so easily," murmured Gurth, "if I had it in my power to give three strokes in its defence."

"We shall see that soon enough," said the outlaw. Then speaking to his companion, he said, "Bring the fellow along. I see he wants to have his head broken as well as to have his money-bag cut."

Gurth was hurried along, and dragged roughly over the bank on the left-hand side of the lane. Then he found himself among the thick bushes which lay between it and the open plain. He was compelled to follow his rough conductors into the deepest part of this wood. There they stopped in an open space, free from trees, on which the beams of the moon fell freely. Here the four outlaws were joined by two other persons, who seemed to belong to the same band. They were dressed in green, and had short swords by their sides, and each carried a staff in his hand. Gurth could now observe that their faces were con-



OUTLAWS

cealed by black cloths tied across below the eyes.

"What money have you got, fellow?" said one of the outlaws.

"Thirty pieces of gold which are my own property," answered Gurth.

"This bag," said their captain, "which I can feel through your coat, contains more than thirty pieces."

"It belongs to the good knight, my master. I should not have told you of it, if you had been satisfied with taking my own property."

"You are an honest fellow," said the outlaw. "Your thirty pieces may yet escape if you deal truly with us. Give up your bag—for a time. Who is your master?"

"The Homeless Knight."

"—who won the prize in to-day's tournament?"

"Yes. This bag contains the price of four horses and four suits of armour," answered Gurth.

"How much is there in it?" demanded the outlaw.

"Two hundred pieces of gold."

"Only two hundred!" said the outlaw; "your master has dealt generously with the conquered. They have escaped cheaply. Who paid the money? Name them."

Gurth did so.

"The armour and horse of the Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert—what price was paid for them? You see, you cannot deceive me."

"My master," replied Gurth, "would take nothing from the Templar, save his life's blood. They have challenged each other to fight to the death."

"Indeed," said the outlaw; "and what were you now doing in Ashby with all this money in your charge?"

"I went to pay Isaac the Jew for the suit of armour which he lent my master for this tournament."

"And how much did you pay?" asked the outlaw. "There is still much money in this bag."

"I paid Isaac eighty pieces, and he gave me back a hundred."

"How! What!" said all the outlaws at once. "Do you dare to tell us such lies!"

"What I tell you," said Gurth, "is true. You will find just that amount in a silk bag separate from the rest of the gold."

"Bring a light!" said the Captain. "I will examine this bag."

A light was brought. The other outlaws crowded round the Captain, and even the two who had seized Gurth loosened their hold. Taking advantage of this, Gurth suddenly shook himself free. Seizing a staff from one of the men, he struck down the Captain, and had almost repossessed himself of the bag. The outlaws, however, were too quick for him, and again secured him.

"A curse upon you!" said the Captain, getting up, "you have broken my head. With other men of our sort, you would have suffered for your insolence. But you shall know your fate instantly. My men," he said, addressing the outlaws, "the knight's money must go free. He is too much like ourselves, and dogs should not worry dogs, where there are wolves and foxes in plenty."

"'Like us'?" said one of the outlaws.

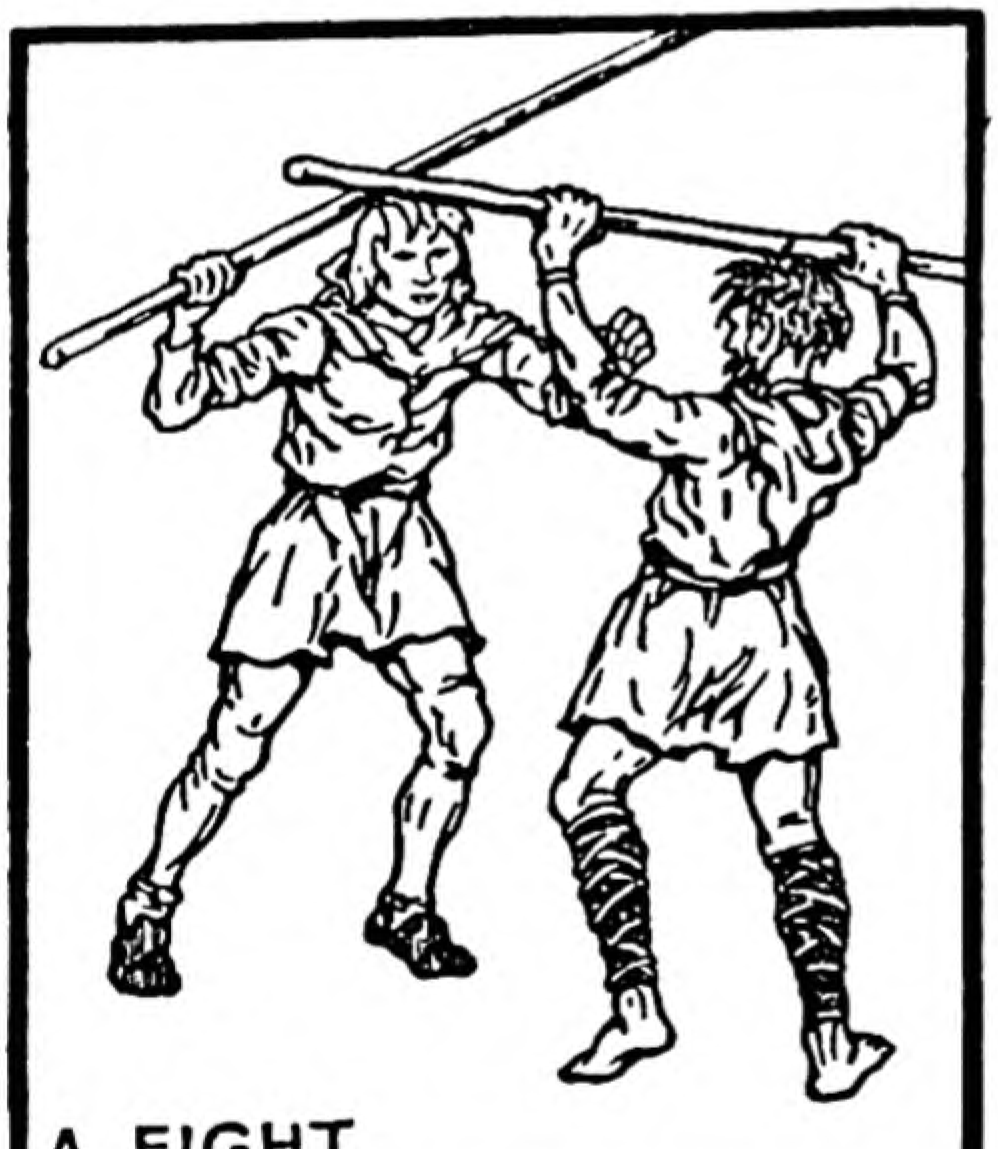
"Yes—is he not poor and homeless, as we are? Does he not win his money at the sword's point, as we do? Has he not beaten Front-de-Boeuf and Malvoisin, even as we would beat them if we could? And would you have us treat him less generously than the Jew has done?"

"No," answered the other outlaw, "that would be a shame. But is this insolent fellow to go unhurt?"

"Not if *you* can hurt him," replied the Captain. Then turning to Gurth he said, "You gave me a hard enough knock with that staff; see if you can do as much for this fellow, and you shall pass out free. Take your staff, Miller. You others, let the fellow go, and give him a staff. There is enough light for them to see by."

The two men, each armed with a staff, stepped forward into the centre of the open space in order to have the full benefit of the moonlight. The outlaws cried out, "Miller, be careful!" The Miller, holding his staff by the middle, made it turn round his head, and exclaimed boastfully, "Come on, fellow, if you dare: you shall feel the strength of my arm."

"An honest man is not afraid of a thief," answered Gurth, making his weapon play round his head with equal skill.



A FIGHT WITH QUARTERSTAFFS

So saying the two men closed together, and for a few minutes they showed great equality in strength, courage, and skill, stopping and returning the blows of their opponent with the greatest rapidity. From the sound of their weapons a person at a distance might have supposed that there were at least six persons on each side.

Long they fought equally. Then the Miller began to lose his temper and become angry at finding himself so strongly opposed, and at hearing the laughter of his companions, who (as usual in such cases) enjoyed his vexation. This was not a state of mind favourable to this noble game, which requires the greatest coolness; and it gave Gurth, whose temper was steady, the opportunity of gaining an advantage.

The Miller pressed furiously forward, dealing blows first with one end of his staff and then with the other, while Gurth defended himself against the attack, keeping his hands about a yard apart, and moving his weapon with great quickness so as to protect both head and body. At last, observing that his opponent was getting tired, he thrust the staff at his face with his left hand; then, as the Miller attempted to avoid the thrust, he slid his right hand down to his left, and with the full swing of the weapon, struck his opponent on the left side of the head. The Miller fell at full length on the ground.

"Well done!" shouted the outlaws.

"You may go your way, friend," said the Captain. "But remember this: do not ask our names, nor attempt to discover who or what we are—or you will meet worse fortune than you have yet known."

Gurth thanked the Captain, and promised to do as he had advised. Two of the outlaws took up their staffs and, ordering Gurth to follow close behind them, walked forward along a narrow path which traversed the wood and the broken ground near it. On the edge of the wood two men spoke to his conductors. They received an answer in a whisper and allowed them to pass. This circumstance showed Gurth that the outlaws were strong in numbers and that they kept a regular guard around their meeting-place.

When they arrived on the open plain, where Gurth might have had some trouble in finding his way, the outlaws guided him straight forward to the top of a little hill. From there he could see, spread beneath him in the moonlight, the field of the tournament and the glimmering tents at either end with the flags which adorned them flying in the moonbeams; and he could hear the song of the men-at-arms keeping watch.

Here the outlaws stopped. "We go with you no farther," said they; "it is not safe for us to do so. Remember the warning which you have received. Keep secret what has happened to you this night. Neglect it—and the Tower of London will not protect you against our revenge."

"Good night to you, kind sirs," said Gurth. "I shall remember your orders, and I hope I shall not offend you if I wish you a safer and honester trade."

Thus they parted, and Gurth proceeded to the tent of his master, to whom, in spite of the Captain's warning, he told the whole adventures of the evening.

The Homeless Knight was filled with astonishment at the generosity of Rebecca and at that of the outlaws. He stretched himself on the couch to sleep, while the faithful Gurth extended his limbs on a bear-skin laid across the opening of the tent so that no one could enter without awakening him.

CHAPTER TEN

THE SECOND DAY OF THE TOURNAMENT

MORNING arose in unclouded splendour, and the whole plain was soon crowded with people hastening towards the tournament. At about ten o'clock a sound of music proclaimed the arrival of Prince John and his attendants. At the same time arrived Cedric the Saxon with Lady Rowena. Athelstane was not with them: he had put on his armour, as he was fighting on the side of Bois-Guilbert. He had a reason for this: though he was too lazy to take any means to make himself pleasant to Lady Rowena, yet he was not blind to her charms, and he considered his union with her as a matter already fixed, since Cedric approved of it. He was therefore displeased when he saw the Homeless Knight choose Lady Rowena as Queen of Beauty, and determined, if opportunity occurred, to make the Homeless Knight feel the weight of his battle-axe.

As soon as Prince John observed the chosen Queen of Beauty arriving upon the field, he rode forward to meet her. He took off his cap, and, dismounting from his horse, assisted the Lady Rowena from her saddle. His followers uncovered their heads at the same time, and one of the most noble among them dismounted to hold her horse.

"It is thus," said Prince John, "that we set an example of loyalty to the Queen of Beauty and ourselves guide her to the throne which she must this day occupy. Ladies attend your Queen! "

So saying the Prince conducted Rowena to the seat of honour opposite his own, while the fairest and most distinguished ladies present crowded after her to obtain places as near as possible to their " Queen."

As soon as Rowena was seated a burst of music, half drowned by the shouts of the multitude, greeted her new honour.

Silence was then proclaimed and the laws of the tournament were read. Fighters were forbidden to thrust with the sword, but must only strike. A mounted horseman must not fight with one on foot who had lost his horse. The battle was to cease when Prince John gave the sign.

The knights then entered at both ends of the field in two long processions and arranged themselves in two rows, exactly opposite each other, the leader of each party being in the centre of the front line.

It was a splendid—and at the same time anxious—sight to behold so many fine men, mounted bravely, and armed richly, stand ready prepared for the battle. They sat on their saddles like so many pillars of iron and awaited the signal with the same eagerness as their brave horses, which were pawing the ground in their im-patience.

Till now the knights had held their spears up, the bright points glimmering in the sun. Thus they remained while the Judges looked at the two parties to see that the numbers were exactly equal. The Judges then withdrew, and William de Wyvil with a voice of thunder shouted the signal words, "*Laissez aller!*" (Let go!) Music sounded; horns were blown; the spears of the knights were at once lowered; the horses were urged forward, and the front lines of each party rushed upon each other at full speed and met in the middle of the field with a shock, the sound of which could be heard at a mile's distance. The second line of each party advanced at a slower pace to support the frone line.

The results of the battle could not at first be seen, for the dust raised by the feet of so many horses darkened the air. When the spectators were able to see, half the knights on each side had been thrown from their horses. Some lay stretched on the earth as if never more to rise. Some had already gained their feet and were closing hand to hand with their opponents. Several who were wounded were trying to stop their blood and get out of the battle. The mounted knights whose spears had been broken were now fighting with their swords.

The confusion was soon increased by the advance of the second lines, which now rushed on to aid their companions.

The followers of Bois-Guilbert shouted, "For the Temple! For the Temple!" The other party shouted in answer, "*Desdichado! Desdichado!*"

The battle seemed to flow now towards the southern, now towards the northern end of the field. The noise of swords striking armour and the shouts of the fighters mixed fearfully with the music and drowned the moans of those who fell and lay rolling helpless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour was now soiled with dust and blood. The gay feathers, cut from the tops of the helmets, floated upon the breeze like snow. All that was beautiful and graceful in the spectacle had disappeared, and what was now seen could only awake feelings of terror or pity.

The numbers on both sides became less, for many had yielded or been compelled to leave the field. Then at last Bois-Guilbert and the Homeless Knight met hand to hand. Such was the skill of both in striking and in guarding themselves that the spectators broke forth into a shout of delight and admiration.

At this moment the party of the Homeless Knight was having the worst of the battle; the gigantic arm of Front-de-Boeuf at the one end and the heavy strength of Athelstane at the other were bearing down and scattering all those opposed to them. Finding themselves free from any immediate opponent, Front-de-Boeuf and Athelstane at the same instant turned their horses from opposite sides to aid Bois-Guilbert in his fight.

The people knew that the Homeless Knight could not stand against this unequal and unexpected attack from three men at once.

" Take care, Sir Homeless ! " was shouted on all sides. He struck a full blow at Bois-Guilbert, then pulled back his horse to escape the charge of Athelstane and Front-de-Boeuf. These two, rushing from opposite sides, almost ran their horses against each other. Then, turning their horses, the whole three pursued the Homeless Knight.

Nothing could have saved him except the wonderful strength and activity of the horse which he had won on the first day. Turning this way and that, with the quickness of a bird on the wing, he kept his enemies as far separate as possible. He rushed now against one, now against another, dealing sweeping blows with his sword, not waiting to receive those which were aimed at him in return.

The lords around Prince John begged him to give the signal for stopping the fight, and to save so brave a knight from being overpowered by greater numbers.

" Not I ! " answered Prince John. " This insolent fellow who conceals his name has already won one prize and can now let others have their turn."

As he spoke, an unexpected event changed the fortune of the day.

There was among the party of the Homeless Knight a man in black armour, mounted on a black horse; both man and horse were large and powerful. Up to this time the Black Knight had shown little interest in the fight, beating off with ease those who attacked him, but not pursuing, nor attacking anyone himself. For this reason the spectators had named him *Le Faineant* or "The Idle Knight."

When the Black Knight saw the leader of his party so fiercely attacked, he threw off his idleness and charged to help him, shouting, "*Desdichado*, to your aid!" It was indeed time, for, while the Homeless Knight was pressing upon Bois-Guilbert, Front-de-Boeuf had got near him with his uplifted sword; but, ere the blow could descend, the Black Knight dealt a stroke on Front-de-Boeuf's head. The sword slid off the polished helmet and fell upon the horse's head, and Front-de-Boeuf and his horse rolled on the ground, both horse and man equally stunned by the blow. The Black Knight then turned upon Athelstane. His own sword had been broken in his meeting with Front-de-Boeuf, but he tore the battle-axe from the hand of the Saxon, gave him one blow on the head, and Athelstane lay senseless on the field. And then he returned calmly to the northern end of the field, leaving his leader to deal with Bois-Guilbert.

This was no longer a matter of so much difficulty as formerly. Bois-Guilbert's horse was weak from loss of blood, and gave way under the shock of the Homeless Knight's charge. Bois-Guilbert rolled on the field. His foot was caught and he could not free himself or stand up. His opponent sprang from his horse, waved his sword over the head of his foe, and commanded him to yield. Prince John, seeing Bois-Guilbert's danger, gave the signal for the fight to cease.

Thus ended the famous tournament of Ashby. Four knights had died upon the field; thirty were seriously wounded, of whom four or five never recovered. Through a field wet with blood the Judges conducted the winner to the foot of Prince John's throne.

" Homeless Knight," said Prince John, " since by that title only you will consent to be known to us, for the second time we give to you the honours of this tournament, and inform you of your right to receive from the hands of the Queen of Love and Beauty the crown of honour which your courage has well deserved."

The knight bowed low, but returned no answer. Music sounded. The ladies waved their silken handkerchiefs while all joined in loud shouts of praise. The Judges led the Homeless Knight to the foot of the throne occupied by Lady Rowena: he seemed scarcely able to walk. He was made to go down on his knees on the lower step. Lady Rowena, descending from her throne, was about to place the crown upon his helmet, but the Judges cried, " His head must be bare." The knight murmured a few words which were lost in the hollow of his helmet, but the Judges paid no attention to his expressions of unwillingness. The helmet was removed; and the well-formed, sun-burnt features of a young man of twenty-five were seen. His face was pale as death, and marked in one or two places with blood.

Rowena no sooner beheld him than she uttered a faint cry. She compelled herself to proceed, and, trembling with emotion, placed the crown upon the drooping head of the conqueror.

The knight stooped his head and kissed the hand of the lovely queen; and then, sinking yet farther forward, lay senseless at her feet.

There was a general confusion. Cedric, who had been struck mute by the sudden appearance of his exiled son, Ivanhoe, rushed forward as if to separate him from Rowena. But the Judges had already taken him away. They opened his armour and found that the head of a spear had passed through his breast-plate and made a wound in his side.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"THE DEVIL IS UNCHAINED!"

THE name of Ivanhoe was no sooner uttered than it flew from mouth to mouth and soon reached the ears of the Prince and those standing about him.

"I think," said he, "that I felt the presence of my brother's friend, even when I could not guess whom that suit of armour enclosed."

"Front-de-Boeuf will now have to give back the lands of Ivanhoe," said De Bracy.

"Yes," said Waldemar, "this fellow is likely to claim the castle and the lands which Richard gave to him, and which Prince John has since given to Front-de-Boeuf."

"Front-de-Boeuf is a man more willing to swallow three castles than to give up one of them," replied Prince John.

"I was pained," said Waldemar Fitzurse, "to see the grief of the Queen of Beauty. I am not a man to be moved by a woman's mourning over her lover, but this Lady Rowena so controlled her sorrow that it could only be discovered by her folded hands and her tearless eye as it remained fixed on the lifeless form before her."

"Who is this Lady Rowena," said Prince John, "of whom we have heard so much?"

"A Saxon lady of great wealth," replied the Prior Aymer, "a rose of loveliness, and a jewel of wealth."

"We can cheer her sorrows," said Prince John, "by marrying her to a Norman. What say you, De Bracy, of gaining fair lands by marrying a Saxon?"

"If the lands are good it will be hard to displease me with the bride," answered De Bracy.

"We will not forget it," said Prince John, "and, that we may instantly go to work, a command shall be sent to Lady Rowena and her company, ordering them to attend at this evening's feast."

The last event in the tournament was a trial of skill for the bow-men. Eight men were present to shoot for a prize consisting of a hunting horn adorned with silver. Most of these belonged to the royal household or were in the service of the Norman lords; but among them was also the tall man dressed in green, whom we have already noticed in the crowd when Isaac was finding his seat.

"What is your name?" said Prince John to this tall man.

"Locksley," he answered. "But I do not wish to shoot, for I know not if these men are used to shooting at the same mark as I."

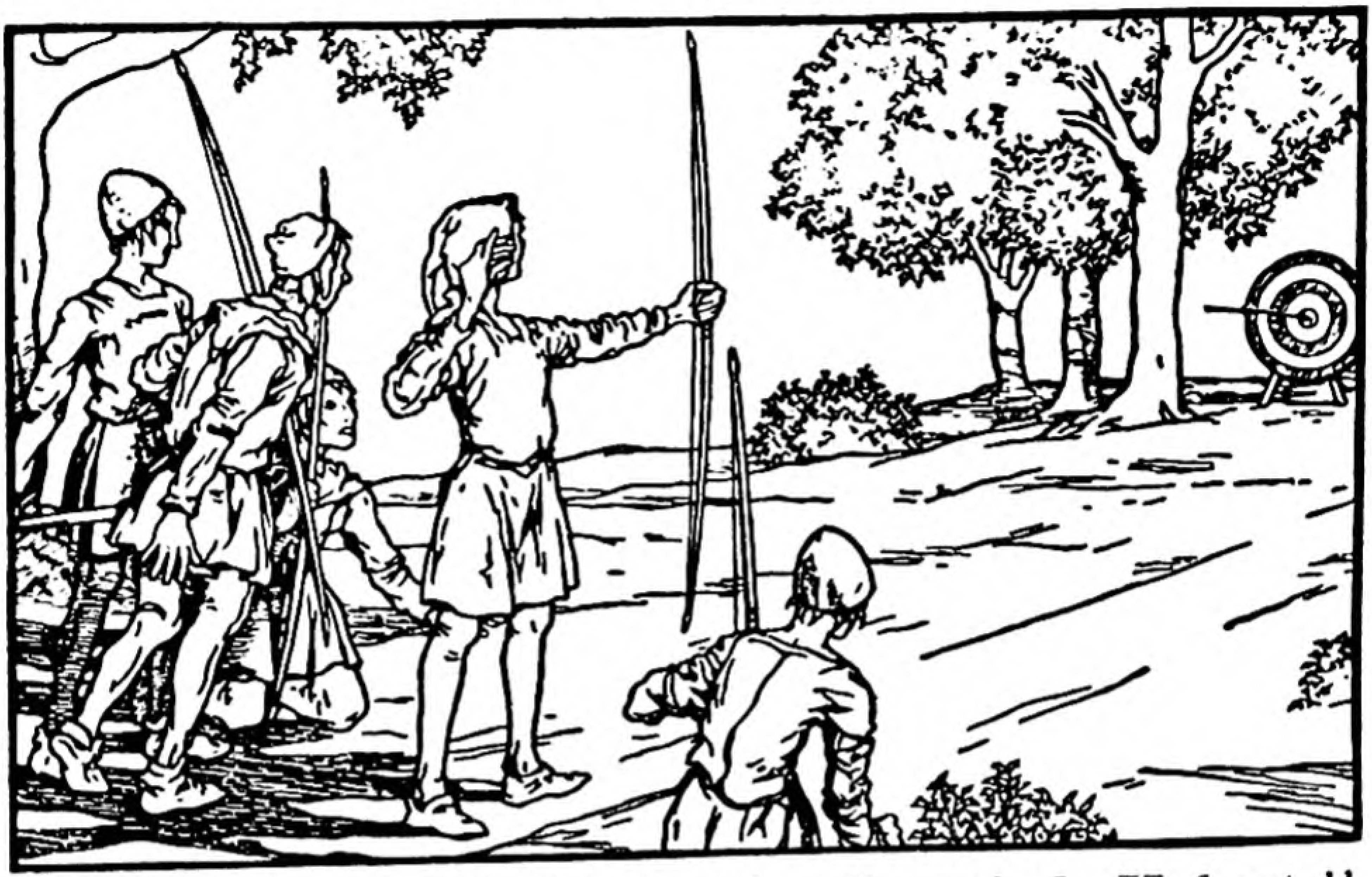
"Then, Locksley," said the Prince, "you shall shoot when these others have shown their skill, and if you win the prize, I will add to it twenty silver pieces; but, if you lose, you shall lose your suit of green and be whipped from the ring."

A mark was set up consisting of a round board with rings drawn upon it. The centre of the board was painted golden. This centre part was named "the gold." In the centre of the gold was a white spot.

One by one the bowmen stepped forward. Of the twenty-four arrows shot ten were fixed in "the gold"; of these ten two were shot by Hubert, a forest-guard in the service of Malvoisin.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John, "will you shoot against Hubert?"

A new aiming-mark was brought. Hubert's first arrow struck the gold, but not the white spot.



" You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said Locksley. Stepping forward he shot his arrow carelessly, as if he had not even looked at the mark, but his arrow struck two inches nearer to the spot than Hubert's.

Hubert shot again, allowing for the wind, and his arrow struck the very centre of the mark.

" You cannot improve on that shot," said the Prince with an insulting smile.

" I will break his arrow for him, however," said Locksley.

Letting fly his arrow with a little more care than before, it struck right upon Hubert's and broke it from end to end.

" And now," said Locksley, " I will plant such a mark as is used in my part of the country."

He set up a stick about six feet long and as broad as a man's thumb.

" He that hits this mark at a hundred yards distance, I will call him a bowman fit to shoot before King Richard himself."

"My grandfather," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the Battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this fellow can break that stick, I yield to him. I might as well shoot at a blade of grass, or a sunbeam, as at a white stick which I can hardly see at this distance."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Here, Locksley, let me see you shoot; but, if you hit such a mark, I will say that you are the first man who ever did so."

"I will do my best," said Locksley, "and no man can do more."

Locksley changed the string of his bow. Then he aimed with care. The people waited in breathless silence. His arrow flew, and broke the stick in two.

A loud shout followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike of the man himself.

"You have fairly won these twenty silver pieces and this hunting-horn; and I will make it fifty pieces if you will take service with me as one of my bodyguard. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow or so true an eye direct an arrow."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley, "but I have vowed that, if ever I take service, it shall be with your royal brother, King Richard. I give these twenty pieces to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandfather did at the Battle of Hastings. Had he not from modesty refused the trial, he could have hit the stick as well as I."

Hubert shook his head, but he accepted the gift. Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd and was seen no more.

Prince John was about to give the signal that the tournament was ended, and for all to retire from the field, when a small note was put in his hand.

" From whence? " asked Prince John of the man who had brought him the letter.

" From foreign parts, my lord," said the man, " but from whence I know not. A Frenchman brought it, and said that he had travelled night and day."

John opened the note. His fear was apparent, and it increased as he read the words written in the letter: " *Take care, for the Devil is unchained!* "

The Prince turned pale as death. He showed the note to Waldemar and De Bracy. " It means," he added in a trembling voice, " that my brother Richard has obtained his freedom."

CHAPTER TWELVE

"LIKE A FOOL"

IT was late at night. Prince John's feast was over, and Waldemar was returning to the Castle of Ashby. In the hall of the castle he met De Bracy, who had changed from the garments he wore at the feast into a dress all of green, with a leather cap, a short sword, and a horn hung over his shoulder. A long bow was in his hand, and arrows were in his belt.

" What foolishness is this, De Bracy? " said Waldemar. " Is this a time for play-acting when the fate of our master, Prince John, is on the edge of being decided? What do you purpose by concealing yourself in these foolish garments at a moment so dangerous? "

" My purpose is to get a wife," answered De Bracy coolly.

" I do not understand you."

" I shall fall upon those Saxons who this night left the castle, and carry off from them the lovely Rowena."

" Are you mad, De Bracy? " said Waldemar. " Although they are Saxons, they are rich and powerful."

" I do not mean to let them know who I am. In these garments do I not seem like an outlaw of the forest? The blame for the attack shall rest with the outlaws. Then afterwards I shall appear in my own shape, play the gentle knight, and save the unfortunate fair one from the hands of her rude enemies. I shall take her to Front-de-Boeuf's castle or to France, and not produce her again until she is the wife of Maurice de Bracy."

"A marvellously wise plan!" said Waldemar. "Who aided you in the invention of this, and who will help you to carry it out?"

"If you must know, it was the Templar, Brian de Bois-Guilbert. He and his followers will act as the outlaws from whom I, after changing my garments, am to save the lady."

"But how will you save her afterwards from the hands of Bois-Guilbert?"

"He is a Templar," answered De Bracy, "and therefore cannot marry. I go like a true knight to win the smiles of beauty."

"'Like a true knight,'" repeated Waldemar. "Like a fool, I should say."

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE HERMIT

THE reader cannot have forgotten that the result of the tournament was decided by the work of an unknown Black Knight.

This knight left the field immediately the victory was gained. He made his way northward, following little used paths through the woods.

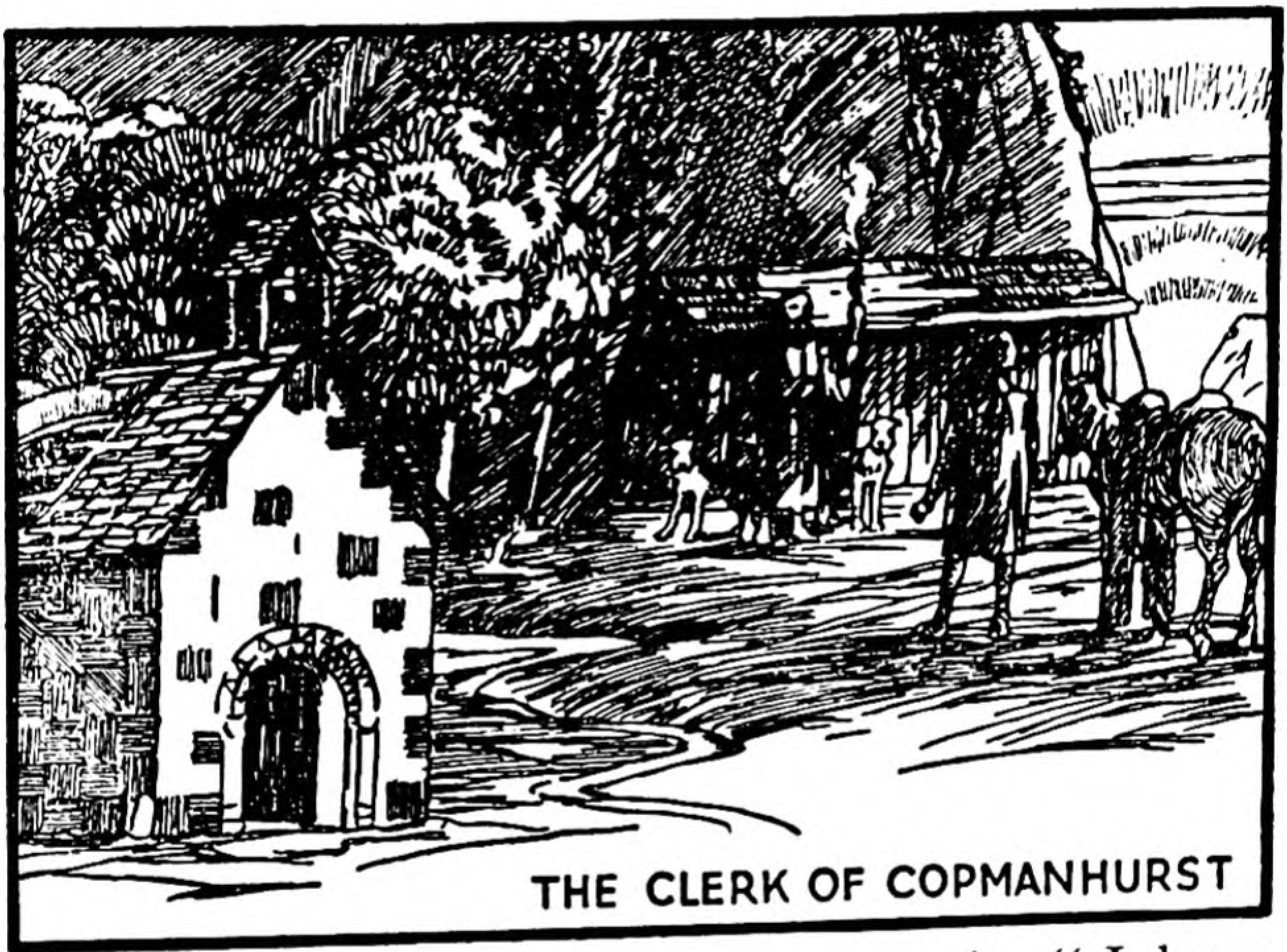
It was now the second evening of his journey. Both horse and man needed rest, and it was necessary for him to find some place where he might spend the night.

The sun had sunk behind the hills on his left. He was deep in the woods. After riding some way, the path which he was following seemed to become a little wider and more worn; and the sound of a bell gave him to understand that he was in the neighbourhood of some hermitage. He soon reached an open grassy place, on the opposite side of which was a large rock. At the bottom of the rock, and leaning against it, was constructed a rough hut, built of the trunks of trees, the cracks being filled with clay. At a little distance on the right, a fountain of pure water flowed out of a rock and was received in a hollow stone. Besides this fountain were some ruined arches and pillars showing that a small church had once stood there. The peaceful scene lay glimmering in the twilight before the eyes of the traveller, giving him good hopes of lodging for the night.

He leapt down from his horse and knocked on the door of the hermitage with his spear.

"Pass on, whoever you are," was the answer given in a deep voice from within the hut. "Do not disturb me in my evening prayers."

"Worthy father," answered the knight, "here is a poor wanderer lost in these woods, I need food and a bed for the night."



THE CLERK OF COPMANHURST

"Good brother," replied the hermit, "I have no food which even a dog would share with me, and a well-bred horse would despise my bed. Pass, therefore, on your way."

"I pray you, father," said the knight, "at least undo your door and point out to me my road."

"And I pray you, brother," replied the hermit, "to disturb me no more. You have already spoilt four prayers which I should have said before moonrise. If you compel me to use the weapons of this earth in my defence, it may be the worse for you."

"The road! The road!" cried the knight. "Either open the door quickly, or I will beat it down," and he struck the door furiously with his foot.

"Patience, and I will undo the door—though it may not be to your pleasure."

The door was opened, and the hermit, a large, strongly-built man, stood before the knight. He had in one hand a heavy wooden club, and two dogs stood ready to rush upon the traveller. But, when he saw the huge form of the knight, he changed his tone to one of rough politeness, and invited him to enter his hut.

There was in the hut nothing but a bed of leaves, a table and two rough seats. The two men sat down and gazed at each other, each thinking that he had seldom seen a stronger man than that sitting opposite to him.

"Worthy hermit," said the knight, "I would pray to know three things of Your Holiness: first, where am I to put my horse? second, what can I have for supper? third, where am I to sleep for the night?"

"I will reply to you with my finger," said the hermit, "for it is against my rule to speak where signs can be used." So saying he pointed to one corner of the hut. "The place for your horse is there." He pointed to another corner. "Your bed is there." He reached down a plate with two hand-fuls of dried beans on it. "Your supper is there."

After saying a long Latin prayer over this feast the host set an example to his guest by modestly putting three or four beans into his very large mouth, supplied with teeth as strong and white as those of a wolf; it seemed miserable material for so strong and large a mill to grind. The knight took off his armour and his helmet; revealing a head thick-curled with yellow hair, fine features and bright sparkling eyes. The hermit, seeing that his guest had revealed his face, now put back his own head-covering. His features showed nothing of the hard life of a hermit. It was a bold strong face, with broad black eyebrows, a well-shaped forehead, and cheeks red and round. Such a face, together with the strong form of the holy man, seemed to tell of good meat and wine rather than of beans and pure water. The guest noticed this peculiarity. After he had with great difficulty swallowed a mouthful of dried beans, he found it absolutely necessary to request the holy man to supply him with some liquid. He replied to his request by placing before him a large pot of pure water from the fountain.

" It is from the well of St. Dunstan," said he, "blessed be his name." Applying his mouth to the pot he took a smaller draught than would have been expected from his praise of the liquid.

" It seems to me," said the knight, " that this simple food which you eat, and this thin liquid have made you marvellously fat and strong. You appear to be a man more fit to win a fight with staffs, or with swords, than to linger out your time in this desert place saying prayers and living on dried beans and cold water."

" Sir Knight," answered the hermit, " those words only reveal your ignorance: the simple food to which I restrain myself is blessed by the saints."

" Holy father, upon whose face heaven has worked such a miracle, permit a sinful man to inquire your name."

" You may call me," answered the hermit, " the Clerk (or priest) of Copmanhurst, for so I am known in these parts. They add, it is true, the word ' holy '—but I do not insist upon that, as I am unworthy of such an addition. And now, brave knight, may I pray you for the name of my honourable guest?"

"Truly, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst," answered the knight, "men call me in these parts the Black Knight. Many, sir, add to it the word 'Idle'; but I am not eager to be called that."

The hermit could hardly prevent himself from smiling at his guest's reply.

"I see," said he, "Sir Idle Knight, that you are a man of wisdom and counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor fare does not please you, accustomed as you have been to the wealth and ease of courts and camps. And now I remember, Sir Idle Fellow, that when the kind keeper of this forest left these dogs for my protection, he left me also some food which (being unfit for my use) escaped my memory—for my mind was taken up with more serious thoughts."

"I would have sworn he did," said the knight. "I was convinced that there was better food in this hut, Holy Clerk, from the very moment when you uncovered your head. Your keeper was a jolly fellow, and could not bear to see your teeth grinding those beans or your throat flooded with this unpleasing liquid. Let me see the keeper's benefaction without delay."

The hermit cast a doubtful look upon the knight, as if uncertain how far he would be wise in trusting his guest. There was, however, so much clear honesty in the knight's face as could possibly be expressed by any features. His smile, too, had something irresistibly laughable in it, and gave assurance of faith and loyalty.

After a mute glance or two, the hermit went to the farther side of the hut and opened a door which was carefully and ingeniously concealed. Out of this hidden place he brought an enormous dish of meat.

He placed this before his guest, who lost no time in tasting it.

" How long is it since the good keeper was here? " said the knight to his host, after having swallowed several mouthfuls of the hermit's excellent fare.

" About two months," answered the hermit hastily.

" I perceive," answered the knight, " that everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! For I would have sworn that the fat deer which I am eating has been running about on foot within this last week."

The hermit seemed rather troubled by these words. Moreover, he looked sadder and sadder as he gazed on the diminishing dish of food of which his guest was making an excellent meal—a meal in which his character of a hermit did not allow him to join.

" I have been in Palestine," said the knight, stopping suddenly, " and I remember that it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure himself of the wholesomeness of his food by eating part of it with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of anything which might harm his guest, yet I shall be very grateful to you if you will obey this Eastern custom."

" To ease your mind," said the hermit, " I will for once depart from my rule," and his hands were instantly in the dish.

" Holy Clerk," said the knight, " I would swear that the same honest keeper left you some wine as a companion to this excellent meat."

The hermit only replied with a smile, and produced a large bottle and two cups from another hiding-place. The knight, who was watching him, observed in the same place of concealment two or three good bows, some arrows, and also a harp.

"I see there," said the knight, "a weapon upon which I would gladly prove my skill with you." He stooped and took out the harp. "I perceive that it lacks one string."

"Ah, you see that?" replied the hermit. "That shows that you are a master of the art. Wine," he added, rolling up his eyes, "all the fault of wine. I told Alan-a-dale that he would damage the harp if he touched it after his seventh cup of wine; but he would not be controlled. Friend, I drink to your successful performance."

Fast and furious grew their fun, and many a song was sung by each of them. Then their merry-making was stopped by a loud knocking at the door of the hermitage.

The occasion of this knocking can be explained by telling the adventures of another set of our characters.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

"ALL PRISONERS!"

WHEN Cedric the Saxon saw his son, Ivanhoe, drop down senseless in the field at Ashby, at first he meant to order his servants to take charge of him. But the order was never given: he felt that he could not, in the presence of so many people, recognize the son whom he had driven from home. However, he ordered Oswald to carry Ivanhoe to Ashby as soon as the crowd had gone away.

The crowd departed; but Ivanhoe was nowhere to be seen. Oswald saw the bloody spot on which he had lately sunk down, but himself he saw no longer. It seemed as if fairies had carried him away. Then suddenly he cast his eye upon a person dressed as the servant of a knight, and he recognized the features of his fellow-servant, Gurth. He seized Gurth; then, making further inquiries concerning the fate of Ivanhoe, he learnt from a bystander that the knight had been raised with care by certain well-dressed servants and placed in the cart belonging to a lady among the spectators, and so carried away. It was, in fact, Rebecca the Jewess who had taken charge of the wounded knight, but this fact did not become known to Oswald.

Lady Rowena refused to go to Prince John's feast, so Cedric went alone. When he returned, he was in a very bad temper. He then for the first time cast his eye upon the deserter, Gurth.

"Oswald! Hundebert!" he shouted, "why do you leave this cursed fellow unchained?"

The servants tied Gurth's hands with a rope, which was the readiest thing to hand.

"This comes," said Gurth, "of loving *your* flesh and blood better than my own."

"To horse and forward," said Cedric.

The travellers hastened to reach the Priory of St. Withold, where they were to have supper. The Prior, who was a Saxon, gave them an excellent supper, and they did not leave the Priory until the next morning.

After proceeding some distance they reached the edge of the wooded country considered dangerous at that time because of the number of outlaws who occupied it. However, although the hour was late, Cedric and Athelstane thought themselves secure, as they had in attendance ten servants, besides Wamba and Gurth (who was a prisoner).

As the travellers journeyed on their way, they were alarmed by repeated cries for assistance. They rode up to the place from which the cries came, and were surprised to find a cart, and beside it a woman dressed in the Jewish fashion, while an old man, whose yellow cap showed him to be also of the same race, walked up and down, clasping his hands in the deepest despair.

After some time Isaac of York (for it was our old friend) was able to explain that he had hired six men at Ashby to guard him, and also horses and a cart to carry a sick friend. They had come thus far in safety. Then the men received information from a wood-cutter that there was a strong band of outlaws lying in wait in the woods before them. The men fled, taking with them the horses which pulled the cart, and left the Jew and his daughter to be attacked and probably murdered by the thieves.

" Would it please you," added Isaac, " to permit us to travel with you for safety? "

Cedric was about to refuse. Then Rebecca, kneeling before Lady Rowena, kissed the edge of her garment and begged her in the name of God to have pity, and allow them to go forward under their protection. " It is not for myself that I pray this kindness," said Rebecca; " nor is it even for that poor old man. But it is for the sake of one dear to many, and dear even to you, that I pray you to let this sick person be carried with care and tenderness under your protection. For, if evil were to come to him, you would regret it to the last moment of your life."

The noble and solemn tone in which Rebecca made this prayer moved the fair Saxon.

" The man is old and weak," she said to Cedric; " the maiden is young and beautiful; their friend is sick and in danger of his life. Let them come with us."

Gurth, the prisoner, was taken from his horse. While this was being done, he persuaded Wamba to loosen the cord with which his arms were bound, and then creeping away, he made his escape from the party.

The baggage was re-arranged and the whole party set forth again.

The path was now so narrow that not more than two could ride side by side. It began to descend into a valley traversed by a brook whose banks were broken, muddy, and overgrown with small trees. Cedric and Athelstane, who rode at the front, saw the danger of being attacked in this narrow place, and hastened forward. They had just crossed the brook with a part of their followers when they were set upon in front and rear. They were ill-prepared to offer any resistance. " St. George for Merry England! " was the war-cry of the attackers—as belonging to their pretended character of Saxon outlaws.

All were made prisoners except Wamba, who seized a sword from one of the servants and attempted to set free his master. Finding himself overpowered, he ran in among the bushes and escaped.

Yet the brave Fool, as soon as he found that he was safe, began to wonder whether he should not turn back and share the captivity of his master, whom he loved.

"I have heard men speaking of the blessings of freedom," he said, "but I wish any wise man would teach me what to do with it now I have got it."

As he hid, a voice very near him called, "Wamba!"

"Gurth!" he answered; and the Swineherd immediately stood before him.

"What is the matter?" said Gurth.

"My lord and my lady and all are prisoners—prisoners to men dressed in green."

"Wamba," said Gurth, "you have a sword, and your heart is strong. We are only two, but a sudden attack from two men of strong resolution may do much. Follow me."

As the Fool was about to obey, a third person suddenly made his appearance. From his dress Wamba thought him to be one of the outlaws who had attacked his master. Then, in spite of the twilight, he recognized Locksley, who had won the prize for shooting at the tournament.

"What is the meaning of all this? Who dares to make prisoners and steal in this forest?" said he.

"You may look at their clothes," said Wamba, "and see whether they are your children's coats or no; for they are as like your own as two blades of grass."

"I will learn that immediately. Stay where you are until I return."

Locksley returned after a few moments.

"I have mingled among those men," he said, "and have learnt to whom they belong and where they are going. For three men to attack them now would be madness; but I hope soon to gather such a force as may do what it pleases with them. Cedric the Saxon shall not lack English hands to help him in his need."

So saying he walked through the wood at a great pace, followed by the Fool and the Swineherd.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE GATHERING OF THE OUTLAWS

AFTER three hours' walking Locksley and his two companions arrived at a small opening in the forest, in the centre of which grew an oak tree of enormous size. Beneath this tree four or five men, dressed in green, lay asleep, while another walked to and fro, keeping watch.

Upon hearing the sound of feet approaching, the watchman instantly gave the alarm; the sleepers jumped up, and six arrows were pointed towards the part from which the travellers approached. Then their guide, being recognized, was welcomed with every sign of respect.

"Where is the Miller?" was his first question.

"On the road to Rotherham with six men and good hope of a prize."

"And where is Alan-a-dale?" asked Locksley.

"Walked up towards Watling Street to watch for the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"That is a good idea," replied the Captain; "—and where is Friar Tuck?"

"In his hut at Copmanhurst."

"Thither I will go," said Locksley. "Scatter and collect your companions, and all the men you can. Meet me here at day-break. Two of you take the road quickly to Torquilstone, the castle of Front-de-Boeuf. Some young lords dressed in garments like ours are carrying a band of prisoners thither. For the sake of our own honour we must punish them."

Locksley and his two companions went on their way to the hermitage of Copmanhurst. As they reached the moon-lit valley Wamba whispered to Gurth, " Listen to the prayers they are singing in the hermitage ! "

In fact, the hermit and his guest were singing an old drinking song:

" Come, pass the brown bowl to me,
  Merry boy, merry boy.
Come, pass the brown bowl to me;
  Ho ! jolly Jenkin, I spy a fellow drinking.
Come, pass the brown bowl—to—me ! "

Locksley's loud and repeated knocks at last disturbed the hermit and his guest. The knight hastily armed himself, while the hermit removed the signs of the feast.

" Mad priest," said a voice from without, " open to Locksley ! "

" All's safe," said the hermit to his companion; and he opened the door.

" Why, hermit," said Locksley, " what drinking companion have you here? Are you mad to give admittance to a knight whom you do not know! Have you forgotten our promises? Lay aside your prayers and arm yourself: we shall need every one of our merry men."

The hermit quickly stripped off his gown and put on a dress of green. As he did this, Locksley led the knight aside, and addressed him thus:

" You are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English on the second day of the tournament. Do not deny it, Sir Knight."

" And what follows, if your guess is correct? " said the knight.

" I should in that case hold you to be a friend of the weaker party. A band of evil fellows pretending to be better men than themselves, have seized the noble Englishman, Cedric the Saxon, and the Lady Rowena, and his friend Athelstane, and have taken them to a castle in this forest, called Torquilstone. I ask you as a good knight and a good Englishman, will you aid us in setting them free?"

"I am bound by my vow to do so," replied the knight, "but I wish to know who you are, who request my assistance."

"I am," replied the Captain, "a nameless man, but I am a friend of my country, and a friend of my country's friends. With this account of me you must remain satisfied, the more especially since you yourself desire to remain unknown."

"I will ask no further questions," said the knight, "but will aid you in setting free these captives. When this is done, I hope we shall come to know each other better."

The hermit was now completely dressed as a forest-er (a man of the forest), with sword, shield, bow and arrows.

"Come on, hermit," said Locksley. "Come on you, too, my masters. We must collect all our forces, and few enough men we shall have, if we are to capture the castle of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf."

"What! Is it Front-de-Boeuf," said the Black Knight, "who has attacked the King's subjects on the King's own road? Is *he* turned thief?"

"Thief!" said the hermit. "I doubt if he is even half so honest a man as many a thief whom I know."

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

AT TORQUILSTONE

THE armed men, who had seized Cedric and his companions, hurried onward. But darkness came on, and the paths of the forest seemed imperfectly known to them. They lost their way several times, and the summer morning had dawned before they were sure that they were on the right path.

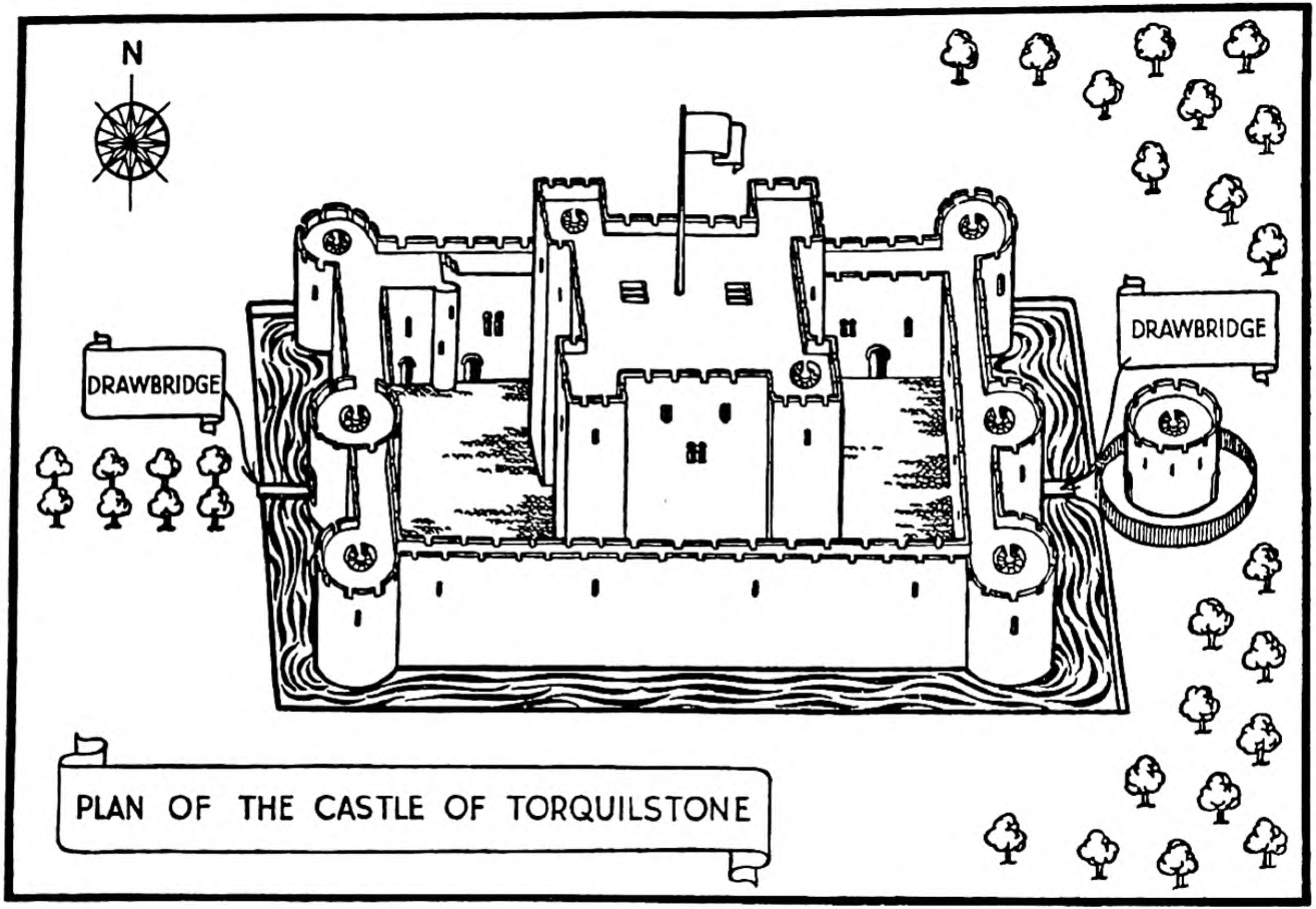
"It is time for you to leave us," said Bois-Guilbert to De Bracy. "You are next, you know, to act as the knight-deliverer."

"I have changed my mind," said De Bracy. "I shall not leave you until the prize is safe in Front-de-Boeuf's castle. Then I shall appear before Lady Rowena in my own shape, and trust that she will think that these deeds of which I have been guilty are due only to the strength of my love."

"And what has made you change your plan, De Bracy?" replied the Templar, Bois-Guilbert. "I hope that this is not caused by any suspicion."

"My thoughts are my own," answered De Bracy. "The devil laughs when one thief steals from another."

"Hear the truth, then," said the Templar. "I care nothing for your blue-eyed beauty. As for Isaac's money, I must share that with Front-de-Boeuf, who will not lend us the use of his castle for nothing. But I have fixed on the lovely Jewess as my own particular prize."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DRAWBRIDGE
DRAWBRIDGE

PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF TORQUILSTONE

They continued to hurry along, until at the end of an avenue of huge trees, they saw Torquilstone, the castle of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf.

De Bracy blew his horn three times, and the bowmen who were on the wall hastened to lower the drawbridge and admit them. The prisoners were conducted to a room where a hasty meal was offered them; but none except Athelstane ate. The guards informed them that they were to be imprisoned in a room apart from Rowena. Resistance was vain. They were compelled to follow to a large room with thick pillars. Lady Rowena was led to a distant chamber.

The old Jew was dragged off in a different direction from the other prisoners, though in his distress he offered large sums of money that Rebecca might be permitted to abide with him.

Rebecca was led away separately.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE COURAGE OF REBECCA

REBECCA was led away by two men and thrust into a small room in a distant tower of the castle. She found herself in the presence of an old woman, who kept murmuring to herself a Saxon tune as she worked at her spinning.

"You must go away, old creature," said one of the men. "Our master commands it. You must leave this room to a fairer guest."

"Ah," said the old woman, "I have known a time when my mere word would have cast the best man-at-arms among you out of service, but now I must up and away at the command of every servant such as you."

"Good Ulrica," said the other man, "do not reason about it, but up and away. You have had your day; but your sun has long been set."

"May ill luck follow you!" said the old woman. "May you be buried like a dog! May the devil tear me limb from limb if I leave my room before I have finished my spinning."

"Answer it to our lord, then," said the man, and retired, leaving Rebecca in company with the old woman.

"What devil's deed have they now in the wind?" said the old woman, eyeing Rebecca; "but it is easy to guess—bright eyes, black hair, and a skin like paper; it is easy to guess why they send her to this lonely tower. A foreigner, too. Of what country are you? Why can you not answer? You can weep: why can you not speak?"

"For the sake of mercy," said Rebecca, "tell me what I am to expect."

"Look at me," answered the old woman. "I was once young and twice as fair as you, when Front-de-Boeuf, father of this Reginald, captured this castle. My father and his seven sons defended it from room to room. They died, every man; and I became the scorn of the conqueror."

"Is there no escape?" said Rebecca.

"From here," said the woman, shaking her grey head, "there is no escape save through the gates of death. . . . My thread is spun: your task is yet to begin."

She left the room with a scornful laugh and locked the door behind her.

Rebecca had a natural strength of mind and a strong and observing character. The present position required all her strength. Her first care was to inspect the room. It contained no secret passage or door. The single window opened on to the top of the tower, from which there was a fall of hundreds of feet to the foot of the wall. There was no hope.

A step was heard on the stair. The door slowly opened, and a tall man dressed as one of the outlaws slowly entered. His cap was pulled down so as to conceal his face.

Rebecca quickly took off some costly jewels which she wore round her neck, and offered them to the supposed outlaw.

"Take these," she said, "good friend, and be merciful to me and to my aged father."

"Fair flower," replied the outlaw in French, "these pearls are beautiful, yet they are not equal in whiteness to your teeth; the diamonds are bright, but they cannot compare with your eyes."

"You are no outlaw," said Rebecca in the same language. "You are a Norman, noble perhaps in birth. Oh, be noble also in your actions."

"You guess truly," said Bois-Guilbert, revealing his face. "I am no outlaw, but one who is more likely to hang your neck and arms with pearls and diamonds than to take them from you. You are a captive of my bow and spear, subject to my will. Submit to your fate and you shall go forth in such majesty and beauty that many a Norman lady will be inferior."

"Submit to my fate!" said Rebecca. "Cowardly knight! I scorn you! The God of Abraham's promise has opened an escape to his daughter—even from this pit of shame!"

As she spoke she threw open the window and, an instant later, stood on the very edge of the tower, with nothing between her and the terrible fall below. "One step nearer and I leap from this height; my body shall be crushed out of the very human shape upon the stones of the courtyard ere I submit to you."

The knight paused, and his resolution, which had never yielded to pity, gave way for a moment in admiration of her courage.

There came the sound of a horn blown before the gate. It was repeated three times, with so much force as if it had been blown before a magic castle by some fateful knight at whose appearance halls, towers and gateways were to roll away like morning mist.

"That horn," said Bois-Guilbert, "proclaims something which may require my presence. Farewell. I will soon return."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

A STRANGE PRIEST

WHEN Bois-Guilbert entered the hall of the castle, he found De Bracy already there. They were soon afterwards joined by Front-de-Boeuf. "Let us see the cause of this cursed noise," said Front-de-Boeuf. "Here is a letter, and, if I am not mistaken, it is written in Saxon."

Not being able to read, he handed the letter to De Bracy.

"It may be magic charms for all I know," said De Bracy, who could not read either.

"Give it to me," said Bois-Guilbert, who read as follows:

From

Wamba the Fool, servant of the most noble Cedric of Rotherwood; and Gurth, swineherd of the said Cedric; and their allies, namely The Black Knight, and Robert Locksley—

To

Reginald Front-de-Boeuf, and his allies—

Whereas

you have without cause seized our master, Cedric, and the Lady Rowena, and Athelstane of Coningsburg; also their servants; also a certain Jew, Isaac of York, and his daughter,

Therefore

we demand that all the said persons shall be delivered to us within one hour,

Failing Which

we shall attack your castle and use all our power to destroy you.

Signed by us under the great oak in Hart Hill Walk, the above being written by a holy man in the hermitage of Copmanhurst on this St. Withold's Day.

The Black Knight

Wamba son of Witless
his mark

←

X
Gurth
his Mark

Locksley his
Mark

The knights heard this strange message, and then gazed upon each other in silent amazement. De Bracy was the first to break the silence by an outburst of laughter, in which he was joined by Bois-Guilbert. But Front-de-Boeuf seemed impatient at their ill-timed merriment.

"I give you warning," said he, "that you had better consult what to do in this matter, rather than give way to mis-placed laughter. Here, fellow," he added to one of his attendants, "have you seen by what force this challenge is supported?"

"There are at least two hundred men assembled in the woods," answered the servant.

"Here is a fine business!" said Front-de-Boeuf. "This comes of lending you the use of my castle."

"For shame, Sir Knight!" said Bois-Guilbert. "Let us collect our people and attack them. One knight—even one man-at-arms—is enough for twenty such fellows."

"True," answered Front-de-Boeuf, "—if those fellows were cowardly towns-folk; but they are English country-folk, over whom we shall have no advantage except what we get from our arms and horses; and these will help us little among the trees of the forest. 'Attack,' did you say? We have scarcely enough men to defend the castle. The best of mine are at York; and so is all your band, De Bracy. We have scarcely forty or fifty men here in all."

"Send to your neighbours," said Bois-Guilbert. "Let them assemble their people and come to save three knights who are being attacked by a fool and a swineherd in the noble castle of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf."

"And who is to bear this message?" said Front-de-Boeuf. "They will watch every path. Bois-Guilbert, you can write. Write this."

Bois-Guilbert wrote as follows:

Sir Reginald Front-de-Boeuf and his allies do not receive challenges from slaves. If the person calling himself "The Black Knight" has indeed a claim to the honour of knighthood, he ought to know that he is degraded by his present association.

As for the prisoners, we intend to put them to death this morning before noon; we therefore ask you to send a priest in order that they may confess their sins and make their peace with God.

The letter was folded and given to the messenger who waited outside. The messenger returned to the oak tree. Here Wamba, Gurth, the Black Knight and Locksley were waiting.

Since no one else could read French, the Black Knight took it and explained its meaning to his allies.

"Kill the noble Cedric!" exclaimed Wamba. "By heaven, you must be mistaken, knight!"

"Not I, my worthy friend," replied the knight. "I have explained the words as they are set down here."

"Then, by St. Thomas," said Gurth, "we will tear down the castle with our own hands."

"We have nothing else to tear it down with," replied Wamba.

"It is only a trick to gain time," said Locksley. "They dare not do such a deed."

"I wish," said the Black Knight, "that there were someone among us who could obtain admission into the castle and discover what their strength is. If they require a priest to be sent, perhaps this holy hermit might go and obtain for us the information which we desire."

"I tell you, Sir Knight," replied the hermit, "that when I put off my hermit's gown, my priesthood, my holiness, even my Latin are put off with it."

"I fear," said the Black Knight, "that there is no one here able to take the part of priest."

All looked at each other, and were silent.

"I see," said Wamba after a short pause, "that the Fool must still be the fool, and put his neck into an adventure from which wise men draw back."

"On with the gown then, good fellow," said the knight, "and let your master send us an account of how things are in the castle. Their numbers must be few, and it is probable that they may fall to a sudden and bold attack."

"And we," said Locksley, "will watch the place so closely that not even a fly shall carry news from thence."

"*Pax vobiscum*,"[1] said Wamba, who was now dressed in his religious garments. With the solemn walk of a priest he departed on his mission.

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[1] Latin, meaning "Peace be with you."

CHAPTER NINETEEN

THE ESCAPE OF CEDRIC

WAMBA'S courage was scarcely sufficient to support him when he found himself in the presence of a man so dreaded as Reginald Front-de-Boeuf. But Front-de-Boeuf was accustomed to see men of all ranks tremble in his presence, so that the timidity of the supposed priest did not give him any cause for suspicion.

"Who and whence are you, priest?" said he.

"*Pax vobiscum*," said the Fool. "I am a poor wandering priest, who, travelling through these wild places, has fallen among thieves. And these thieves have sent me into this castle in order to do my priestly office for two persons who are about to die."

"Right," answered Front-de-Boeuf, "—and can you tell me, holy father, the number of these outlaws?"

"Brave sir, they are numberless," answered the Fool.

"Tell me in plain words what numbers there are, or your holy garments will not protect you!" said Front-de-Boeuf.

"Alas," answered the supposed priest, "I was almost bursting with fear. But I conceive that they may be at least five hundred men."

"What!" cried Bois-Guilbert, who came into the hall at this moment. "Are they so many as that!"

Then, taking Front-de-Boeuf aside, "Do you know the priest?" he asked.

"He is a stranger from distant parts," said Front-de-Boeuf. "I do not know him."

"Then do not trust him with your message in words," answered Bois-Guilbert. "Let him carry a written order to De Bracy's company telling them to come instantly to their master's aid. For the present, in order that the priest may suspect nothing, permit him to go freely about his task of preparing these Saxon swine for death."

"It shall be so," said Front-de-Boeuf, and he ordered a servant to conduct Wamba to the chamber where Cedric and Athelstane were confined.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" said the Fool, entering the room.

"Enter," said Cedric to the supposed priest. "For what purpose have you come?"

"To bid you prepare yourselves for death," answered the Fool.

"It is impossible!" said Cedric, leaping up. "Fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not do such a deed! Do you hear this, Athelstane? Let us rouse up our hearts to die like men."

"I am ready," answered Athelstane, "and shall walk to my death with as much calmness as ever I walked to my dinner."

"Wait a moment, good uncle," said the Fool in his natural voice. "Better look before you leap in the dark."

"By my faith!" said Cedric, "I should know that voice."

"It is that of your trust-y slave and fool. Take this garment and march quickly out of the castle, leaving me your coat to take the 'long journey' in your place."

"Leave you in my place!" said Cedric. "Why, they would hang you, my poor fool!"

"Let them do as they wish."

"Well, Wamba," answered Cedric, "I will grant your request if you will change garments with Lord Athelstane instead of me."

"No," answered Wamba, "kind service cannot be thrown from hand to hand like a ball. I'll hang for no man but my own master."

"Go, noble Cedric," said Athelstane. "Your presence may encourage our friends to help us."

"And is there, then, any hope of help?" said Cedric, looking at Wamba.

"Hope indeed!" replied Wamba. "There are five hundred men outside, and I was this morning one of their chief leaders. My fool's cap was a helmet. Well, we shall see what good they will do by taking a wise man in the place of a fool. Truly I fear they will lose in bravery what they gain in wisdom. And so, farewell, kind master, and be kind to poor Gurth and his dog, Fangs; and let my fool's cap hang in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I cast away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool."

The tears stood in Cedric's eyes.

"Your memory shall be preserved," he said, "while faithfulness and affection have honour upon earth. But I trust that I shall find a way of saving Rowena—and you, Athelstane—and you also, my poor Wamba."

The change of dress was made. Then a sudden doubt struck Cedric.

"I know no language," he said, "except my own—but not a word of Latin. How then can I pretend to be a learned priest?"

"The magic charm lies in two words," replied Wamba. "*Pax vobiscum* carries you through all. If you go, or come, or eat, or sleep, *Pax vobiscum* carries you through it all. Speak it thus in a deep, grave tone, '*Pax vo-bis-cum*'—it is ir-resist-ible. I think I shall try it myself on the man who is ordered to hang me to-morrow."

"If that be so," said Cedric, "I am soon made a priest. *Pax vobiscum.* I hope I shall remember it. Noble Athelstane, farewell; and farewell, my poor boy. I will save you, or return to die with you. Farewell."

"Farewell, uncle, and remember *Pax vobiscum.*"

Cedric went forth, and it was not long before he was required to try the force of the magic charm which the Fool had called irresistible. In a low, arched and dark passage he was stopped by a female.

"*Pax vobiscum,*" said the pretended priest, and was attempting to hurry past when a soft voice replied:

"*Et vobis. Quaeso, domine reverentissime, pro misericordia vestra*——"[1]

"My hearing is not good," replied Cedric in his own Saxon language, and at the same time he murmured to himself, "A curse on the Fool and his *Pax vobiscum.* I have lost my spear at the first cast."

It was not an unusual thing in those days for a priest to be hard of hearing in his Latin ear, and this the woman knew well.

"I pray you, in your mercy, holy father," she replied in his own language, "that you will be so kind as to visit a wounded prisoner in this castle."

"Daughter," answered Cedric, "I have not the time to do so. I must go forth at once; it is a matter of life and death."

"Yet, father, let me beg you not to leave the distressed without counsel and comfort."

"May the devil fly away with me!" answered Cedric impatiently, and he would probably have proceeded in the same tone, very different from his supposed character, when the conversation was broken into by the voice of Ulrica, the old woman of the tower.

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[1] "And peace also be to you. I pray you, in your mercy, most holy father——"

"How now, slave!" said she to the woman. "How dare you trouble the holy man! Go to the sick man's room and attend to him until I return. Come this way, father; you are a stranger in this castle and cannot leave it without a guide. Come hither, for I would speak with you."

Rebecca retired. Ulrica had allowed her to watch at the bedside of the wounded Ivanhoe. She had heard from Ulrica of the visit of the priest, and hoped that by meeting him she might be able to send some message for help.

CHAPTER TWENTY

ULRICA'S PROMISE

ULRICA led the unwilling Cedric into a small room, the door of which she carefully closed.

"You are a Saxon, father. Deny it not," she said.

"I am a Saxon," answered Cedric. "Let me go on my way."

"And this wrinkled old woman before you was once the daughter of the noble Lord of Torquilstone," continued Ulrica.

"You the daughter of Torquil Wolfganger!" said Cedric. "You, the daughter of that noble Saxon, my father's friend and companion in arms!"

"Your father's friend?" echoed Ulrica. "Then you are Cedric the Saxon. But if you are Cedric of Rotherwood, why this religious dress?"

"It matters not. Proceed and tell me what you have to say."

"In these halls, soiled with the blood of my father and my brothers, I have been forced to live as the mistress of their murderer, Front-de-Boeuf. At last I have seen a means of revenge. Whatever was the life of Ulrica, her death shall be worthy of a daughter of the noble Torquil. There is a force about to attack this castle. Hasten to lead them to the attack, and when you see a red flag wave from the western tower, press the Normans hard. They will have enough to do within, and you will capture the wall. Go—follow your own fate; and leave me to mine."

Cedric would have inquired further into the purpose which she thus darkly mentioned, but the voice of Front-de-Boeuf was heard.

"Why does this priest stay so long? By heaven I will make a dead priest of him if he delays here planning tricks among my servants."

Ulrica vanished through a private door as Front-de-Boeuf entered.

"Have you prepared the penitents for death?" he said.

"I found them," said Cedric, "expecting the worst, for they knew into whose power they had fallen."

"Follow me through this passage so that I may send you out of another gate."

As he went along, Front-de-Boeuf told the supposed priest the work which he wished him to do. "You see, Sir Priest, those Saxon swine who have dared to come against this castle? Tell them anything you choose about the weakness of the castle, or anything which will detain them before it for twenty-four hours; and take this paper. But wait! Can you read, priest?"

"Not a letter," said Cedric, "except in my prayer-book because I can say the prayers without looking at the page."

"All the better for my purpose. Carry this letter to the castle of Philip de Malvoisin; tell him to send it to York with all the speed man and horse can make. And think of some trick to keep those fellows where they are until our friends bring up their spears."

"By every saint," said Cedric, "I swear that your commands shall be obeyed. Not a Saxon shall move from these walls, if I have art or influence to detain them."

Front-de-Boeuf led the way to a small gate in the rear of the castle.

" Go then," he said, " and if you carry this message and return here when it is done, you will see Saxon flesh as cheap as swine's flesh in the streets of Sheffield. And listen; you seem to be a jolly priest; come here after the battle and you shall have as much wine as you can drink."

" Be sure that we shall meet again," answered Cedric.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

BROTHER AMBROSE

Returning into the castle, Front-de-Boeuf ordered his servants to bring the two prisoners Cedric and Athelstane before him.

" Well, English lords," said he when the prisoners appeared, " how are you enjoying your entertainment at Torquilstone? How much money will you give me for your lives? If you do not pay enough, I shall hang you up by the feet till the birds have picked your bones. How much do you offer, Cedric? "

" Not a penny, I," answered poor Wamba. " My brain has been upside-down for a long time, so turning me upside-down may put it right again."

" Saint Genevieve ! " cried Front-de-Boeuf, " what have we here? "

With the back of his hand he struck Cedric's cap from the head of the Fool, and, throwing open his coat, discovered the ring about his neck, the sign of slavery. " What have we here? "

" I think I can tell you," said De Bracy, who had just entered. " This is Cedric's fool."

" Then," answered Front-de-Boeuf, " Cedric and his fool shall hang on the same tree unless he and Athelstane pay well for their lives. Their wealth is the least thing they can surrender; they must also take away with them the outlaws who are surrounding the castle, and live henceforth as obedient servants under us, their lords. Go," said he to two of his attendants, " fetch me the real Cedric hither. I pardon your error for once, for you only mistook Cedric for a fool."

" You will find," said Wamba, " that there are more fools than Cedrics here."

" What does he mean? " said Front-de-Boeuf, looking towards his followers.

" Saints of heaven! " exclaimed De Bracy, " he must have escaped in the priest's garments! "

" It was then Cedric," cried Front-de-Boeuf, " whom I conducted to the gate and dismissed with my own hands! And you," he said to Wamba, " whose folly has deceived us fools, I will throw you from the wall. Your trade is to laugh; can you laugh now? "

" You may deal with me as you please," answered Wamba.

" Here, Saxon," said De Bracy, addressing Athelstane, " rouse yourself and say what you will do for your liberty."

" Dismiss me free," answered Athelstane, " with my companions, and I will pay you a thousand gold pieces."

" And will you assure us that those outlaws who are swarming round the castle shall retreat? " said Front-de-Boeuf.

" As far as I can," answered Athelstane, " I will withdraw them, and I think that Cedric will assist me."

" We are agreed, then," said Front-de-Boeuf. " You are to be set free. It is a trifling amount of money. But this bargain does not include the Jew, Isaac."

" Nor the Jew's daughter," said Bois-Guilbert.

" Nor does it include the Lady Rowena," said De Bracy.

" Neither," said Front-de-Boeuf, " does it include the poor fool, whom I shall keep, and punish as an example to others."

"The Lady Rowena," answered Athelstane firmly, "is my promised wife. I will be dragged in pieces by wild horses before I consent to part with her. The slave, Wamba, has this day saved the life of Cedric: I will lose my own life before a hair of his head is harmed."

"Your promised wife? The Lady Rowena the promised wife of a slave like you?" said De Bracy.

"My family, proud Norman," replied Athelstane, "is descended from a source more pure and ancient than that of a cowardly Frenchman whose living is won by thieving. I am descended from kings, strong in war and wise in council, who every day feasted more hundreds of men in their hall than you can number individual followers, whose names have been sung by poets, and whose bones were buried amid the prayers of saints, and churches have been built over their graves."

"The Saxon has answered you well and fairly," said Front-de-Boeuf.

"As fairly as a captive can speak," said De Bracy. "His hands are tied though his tongue is free. But your cleverness of reply," said he, speaking to Athelstane, "will not win the freedom of the Lady Rowena."

Athelstane made no answer.

The conversation was broken off by the arrival of a servant, Giles, saying that a priest was at the rear-gate and demanded to be admitted.

"In the name of Saint Bennet," said Front-de-Boeuf, "have we a real priest this time or another trick? Search him, slaves, for if you suffer me to be fooled again I will have your eyes torn out."

"This is a real priest," said Giles. "Jocelyn knows him well: he is Brother Ambrose, a priest in attendance upon the Prior of Jorvaulx."

"Admit him," said Front-de-Boeuf, "and remove these prisoners."

The priest, Ambrose, was brought in. He seemed to be in a very excited state.

"This is the real *Pax vobiscum,*" said Wamba, as he passed the holy man on his way out: "the others were deceivers."

"Holy Mother," said the priest, "I am at last safe, and in Christian keeping. You are friends of Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx. You owe him your aid as knights. For what says St. Augustin in his book. *De Civitate Dei*——?"

"What says the devil!" cried Front-de-Boeuf. "We have little time to listen to what St. Augustin said."

"Heavens!" cried Father Ambrose, "how quick to anger are these soldiers! Be it known to you that certain murderous men, casting behind them the fear of God, and——"

"Brother priest," said the Templar, Bois-Guilbert, "tell us plainly, is your master, the Prior, made prisoner, and by whom?"

"He is in the hands of the outlaws: they have taken from him two hundred pieces of gold, and they demand from him a larger amount besides ere they will allow him to depart. He therefore prays you as his dear friends to help him."

"The devil takes the Prior," said Front-de-Boeuf. "How can we set him free who are shut in here by ten times our number, and expect an attack every moment?"

"And that was what I was just about to tell you," said the priest, "if your hastiness had allowed me time. The outlaws are just now gathering together to make an attack on this castle."

"To the walls!" cried De Bracy; "and let us see what they are doing outside."

So saying he opened a window which led on to the top of the walls, and immediately called from thence to those in the chamber, "Saint Dennis! the old priest has told the truth! They are bringing forward great wooden shields held above their heads, and the bowmen are gathering at the edge of the wood like clouds before a storm!"

Front-de-Boeuf also looked out. He immediately seized his horn and blew it, ordering his men to their posts on the walls.

"De Bracy," he said, "you will take charge of the eastern side where the walls are lowest; Bois-Guilbert will be on the west. I will take charge of the tower over the great gate. Do not stay in one place; we must be everywhere. Our numbers are few, but activity and courage may make up for that."

"But, noble knights," exclaimed Father Ambrose amid the confusion caused by the preparations for the defence, "will none of you hear the message of the holy father Aymer, Prior of Jorvaulx? I beg you to hear me, noble Sir Reginald."

"Go and say your prayers," said the fierce Norman, "for we have not time to listen to you. Ho! there! see that the boiling oil is ready to throw on the heads of the attackers. See that the bowmen have arrows. Let my flag be flown from the tower; they shall soon find out with whom they have to deal this day."

"But, noble sir," continued the priest, still trying to gain attention, "I must obey the Prior and deliver his message to you."

"Away with this talking fool," said Front-de-Boeuf. "Lock him up until the battle is over."

Bois-Guilbert again looked out of the window at the attackers.

"These men," he said, "approach in better order than one would have expected. They take advantage of every tree and bush, and are careful not to show themselves to our bowmen. I swear that they must be under the leadership of some knight or gentleman skilled in the art of war."

"I see him," said De Bracy. "I see the glimmer of his armour. See that tall man in black armour who is arranging that farther troop. By St. Dennis, I swear he is the same Black Knight who conquered you, Front-de-Boeuf, in the tournament at Ashby!"

Each knight went to his post at the head of the few followers they could collect, and there awaited with calm determination the threatened attack.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

THE ATTACK ON THE TOWER

A MOMENT of danger is often also a moment of open-hearted kindness and affection. We are thrown off our guard, and betray the strength of those feelings which at more peaceful periods we carefully conceal.

Finding herself once more by the side of Ivanhoe, Rebecca was astonished at the pleasure which she experienced, even when danger was all around them. She laid her hand on his brow and inquired after his health; the softness of her touch and in her voice revealed a kinder interest than she would herself have been willing to express. Her voice shook, and her hand trembled. The cold question of Ivanhoe, " Is it you, maiden? " reminded her that the love which she felt would never be shared by him. A sigh escaped her; but it was scarcely audible. She asked him again concerning the state of his health in a tone of calm friendship. Ivanhoe answered that he was better than he could have expected—" Thanks," he said, " dear Rebecca, to your helpful skill."

" He calls me ' dear Rebecca,' " said the maiden to herself, " but it is in a cold and careless tone."

" My mind," continued Ivanhoe, " is more disturbed by anxious thoughts than my body with pain. From the speeches of the men who have just left me, I judge that I am in the castle of Front-de-

Boeuf. If that is so, how will this end, and how can I protect Rowena and my father?"

The noise within the castle, caused by the defensive preparations, now increased ten times. The heavy step of men-at-arms was heard traversing the walls, and in the narrow passages leading to the various towers. The voices of the knights were heard encouraging their men, and their commands were often drowned in the shouts of their followers. These sounds seemed yet more terrible from the awful events which they foretold. And yet there was in them something inspiring which Rebecca's noble mind could feel, even in that moment of terror. Her eyes lit up, although the blood fled from her cheeks.

But Ivanhoe was like a war-horse glowing with impatience at his inactivity and his eager desire to mingle in the fight. "If I could but drag myself to yonder window, I might see how this brave game is likely to go. If I had but a bow to shoot an arrow, or a battle-axe to strike but a single blow for our deliverance! It is in vain—it is in vain—I am strengthless and weaponless!"

"Do not disturb yourself, noble knight," answered Rebecca; "the sounds have suddenly ceased: it may be that they will not join in battle."

"You know nothing about it," said Wilfrid impatiently: "this pause only shows that the men are at their posts on the walls, and expecting an instant attack; what we have heard was but the gathering of the storm; soon it will burst in all its fury. Could I but reach yonder window!"

"You will do harm to yourself by the attempt," replied Rebecca. Then, seeing his extreme eagerness, she added, "I will myself stand at the window, and describe to you what happens outside."

Being placed at a corner of the building Rebecca obtained a view of the outer tower, which was likely to be the first object of attack. It was a building of no great height or strength, intended to protect the small rear-gate of the castle through which Cedric had recently been dismissed by Front-de-Boeuf. It was surrounded by an outer wooden wall, and the **moat** divided it from the rest of the castle.

"The edge of the wood seems lined with bowmen," said Rebecca, "though only a few have advanced from its dark shadow."

"Under what banner?" asked Ivanhoe.

"Under no flag that I can observe," answered Rebecca.

"That is strange," said the knight, "—to advance against a castle without showing a flag or banner! Can you see who are acting as leaders?"

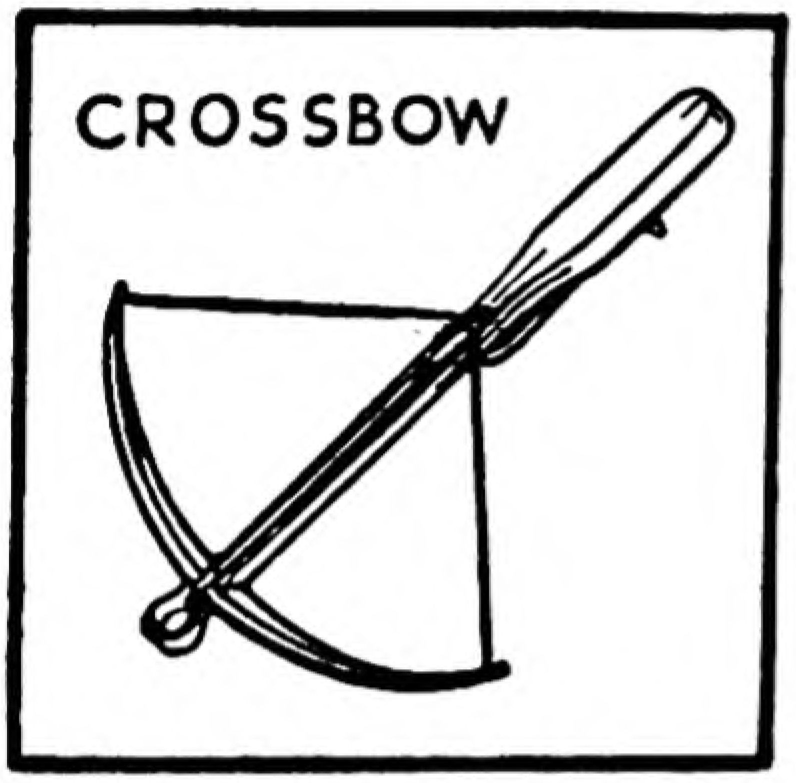
"A knight in black armour seems to be giving the orders," answered Rebecca.

"Are there no other leaders?"

"None that I can see from here," said Rebecca; "but doubtless the other side of the castle is also being attacked. They appear even now preparing to advance. God protect us! What a dreadful sight! Those who advance first bear huge shields made of boards; the others follow bending their bows as they come on. They raise their bows! God forgive the creatures whom Thou hast made!"

Her description was now broken off by the signal for the attack, the sound of a horn, which was answered from the walls by a beating of drums. The shouts of both parties increased the fearful noise, the attackers shouting, "St. George for Merry England!" and the Normans answering them with loud cries of, "De Bracy! Front-de-Boeuf!"

The efforts of the attackers were met by an equally strong defence. The bowmen, trained by their forest-sports, shot so skilfully that no defender who showed himself could escape an arrow. Arrows flew in clouds against every window and opening in the walls. The defenders replied with slings and crossbows. Shouts arose on either side when any specially lucky hit was made, or any special loss suffered.



" And I must lie here confined to this bed," exclaimed Ivanhoe, " while the game that gives one freedom or death is played out by the hands of others ! Look from the window once again, kind maiden, but be careful that you may not be marked by the bowmen below. What do you see, Rebecca ? "

" Nothing but the cloud of arrows flying so thick as to hide the bowmen who shoot them."

" That cannot last long," said Ivanhoe. " They must press on and capture the castle by force of arms. Arrows can do little against stone walls. Look for the Black Knight."

" I do not see him," said Rebecca.

" Foul coward ! " exclaimed Ivanhoe. " Does he withdraw when the wind blows highest ? "

" I see him now ! " cried Rebecca. " He is leading a party of men close under the wooden wall surrounding the outer tower. They are pulling down the posts and cutting down the wooden wall with axes. They have broken through ! they are thrust back ! Front-de-Boeuf leads the defenders. I see his gigantic form above the crowd. They press forward again ; they fight man-to-man in the opening. It is like the meeting of two oceans moved by adverse winds ! "

She turned her head from the window as if unable to look any longer at a sight so terrible. Then again she looked forth.

"Front-de-Boeuf and the Black Knight are fighting hand to hand at the wooden wall, amid the roar of their followers, who watch the progress of the fight. Heaven aid him!" She then uttered a loud cry, and exclaimed, "He is down! he is down!"

"Who is down?" cried Ivanhoe; "in God's name, tell me, which has fallen?"

"The Black Knight," answered Rebecca faintly; then instantly she shouted again with joyful eagerness. "But no! he is on foot again and fights as if there were twenty men's strength in his single arm. His sword is broken—he seizes an axe from an outlaw—he presses Front-de-Boeuf with blow on blow. The giant stoops like an oak under the axe of a woodman. He falls! he falls!"

"Front-de-Boeuf?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"Front-de-Boeuf!" answered the Jewess. "His men rush to his aid, headed by Bois-Guilbert. Their united force compels the Black Knight to pause. They drag Front-de-Boeuf within the walls."

"The attackers have won the wooden wall, have they not?" said Ivanhoe.

"They have! they have! and they press the defenders hard in the outer tower. Some set up **ladders**; some crowd up them and try to ascend upon the shoulders of each other. Down go stones, beams, and trunks of trees upon their heads. As fast as they bear the wounded to the rear, fresh men supply their places in the attack."

"Who yield? Who push their way?"

"The ladders are thrown down," replied Rebecca, trembling. "The soldiers lie crushed under them. The defenders have the advantage."

"St. George strike for us!" exclaimed the knight; "do they give way?"

"No! they bear themselves bravely. The Black Knight approaches the gate of the tower with his huge axe. You may hear the thundering blows which he deals, above all the shouts and noise of battle. Stones and beams are rained down upon him; he regards them no more than if they were feathers."

"By St. John!" said Ivanhoe, raising himself joyfully on his couch, "I thought there was but one man in England who could do such a deed."

"The gate shakes," continued Rebecca. "It falls; they rush in. The tower is won! Oh, God! they throw the defenders from the top of the wall into the moat."

"The bridge—the bridge which leads across the moat to the castle—have they won that?" exclaimed Ivanhoe.

"No," replied Rebecca. "Bois-Guilbert has destroyed the bridge on which they crossed. Few of the defenders escaped with him into the castle. The cries which you hear tell of the fate of the others. Alas! I see that it is even more difficult to look upon victory than upon battle."

"What do they do now, maiden?" said Ivanhoe. "Look forth again—this is no time to faint at bloodshed."

"It is finished for the time," answered Rebecca; "our friends are strengthening themselves within the outer tower."

"Our friends," said Ivanhoe, "will surely not leave an attack so gloriously begun. Oh, no! I will put my faith in the good knight whose axe has torn oak and iron bars. Strange," he murmured to himself, "if there can be two who can do such deeds. Did you see no mark, Rebecca, by which the Black Knight may be distinguished?"

"None," said Rebecca; "all about him is black."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, "he is a hero. Surely they wait only to rest their men, or to provide the means of crossing the moat. I swear by the honour of my house, I swear by the name of my bright lady-love, I would suffer ten years of captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side."

"Alas," said Rebecca, "why this impatient thirst for action? What remains to you as a prize of all the blood you have shed and all the pain you have suffered, of all the tears your deeds have caused? What remains when death has broken the strong man's spear? Glory? Alas, glory is only the faded armour which hangs above the soldier's dim decaying sepulchre, and the writing upon the gravestone which the ignorant pilgrim can hardly read."

She looked towards the couch of the wounded knight. "He sleeps," she said, "tired out by suffering and excitement. Alas, is it a crime that I should look upon him, when it may be for the last time? And my father! oh, my father! evil is it with his daughter when his grey hairs are not remembered because of the golden hair of youth. But I will pluck this folly from my heart, though my heart's blood flows as I tear it away!"

She drew her veil about her, and sat down at a distance from the couch.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

ULRICA'S REVENGE

FRONT-DE-BOEUF, lord of the castle, lay upon his deathbed. The moment had arrived when earth and all its treasures were gliding away from his eyes. His fierce heart was terrified as he gazed forward into the waste darkness of the future beyond death. The fever of his body increased the horror of his mind.

"I have heard men talk of praying," he murmured, "but I—I dare not pray."

"Says Reginald Front-de-Boeuf," cried a broken voice by his bedside, "that there is anything which he dare not do!"

He trembled. "Who is there? What are you who echo my words like some foul bird of the night? Come before my couch that I may see you."

"I am your evil angel, Reginald Front-de-Boeuf," replied the voice.

"Depart, and trouble me no more. Let me die in peace."

"In peace you shall not die," said Ulrica, stepping before the couch of Front-de-Boeuf. "Even in death you shall think of your murders—on the cries for mercy which this castle has echoed—on the blood which has dried on its floors!"

"Foul creature!" replied Front-de-Boeuf, "is it then you who have come to mock me in my dying hour?"

"Yes," answered she, "it is Ulrica, daughter of the murdered Torquil Wolfganger, sister of his dead sons. You have been my evil angel, and I will be yours. Listen to those horrid sounds:"—for the noise of the renewed attack and defence now rung fearfully loud from the walls of the castle—"in that war-cry is the down-fall of your house."

"You lie!" exclaimed Front-de-Boeuf. "My followers fight bravely; my walls are strong. The war-cry of Bois-Guilbert and his men rises high above the battle. And, by my honour! when we light a fire to celebrate our defence, it shall burn you, body and bones."

"Know then the fate," replied Ulrica, "which all your power and courage is unable to avoid, though it is prepared for you by this weak hand. Do you not see the smoke which already mounts in dark clouds through your chamber? Do you not remember the great store of wood and coal which is beneath this chamber?"

"Woman!" he exclaimed with fury, "you have not set fire to it! By heaven, you have, and the castle is in flames!"

"The flames are fast rising," said Ulrica calmly, "and a signal will soon be given telling the attackers to press hard so that there may be none free to put them out. Farewell, Front-de-Boeuf. Know, if it will give you comfort, that Ulrica, companion of your guilt, will also be companion of your punishment, and will be your fellow-traveller to that same dark coast with yourself."

So saying, she left the room; and Front-de-Boeuf could hear the sound of the heavy key as she locked the door behind her, thus cutting off the least chance of escape.

In his pain and terror he shouted upon his servants and allies, "Stephen and Saint Maur! Clement and Giles—I burn here unaided. Save me! Save me! Bois-Guilbert! De Bracy!—They hear me not; my voice is lost in the noise of battle. The smoke rolls thicker and thicker; the fire has caught upon the floor below. Oh, for one draught of the air of heaven!" In the madness of despair the miserable man now shouted with the shouts of the fighters, now called curses on himself, on mankind, and on heaven itself. "The red fire flashes through the thick smoke! Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed in his madness till the arched roof rang again. "Who laughed then?" he exclaimed in altered tone. "Ulrica, was it you?"

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

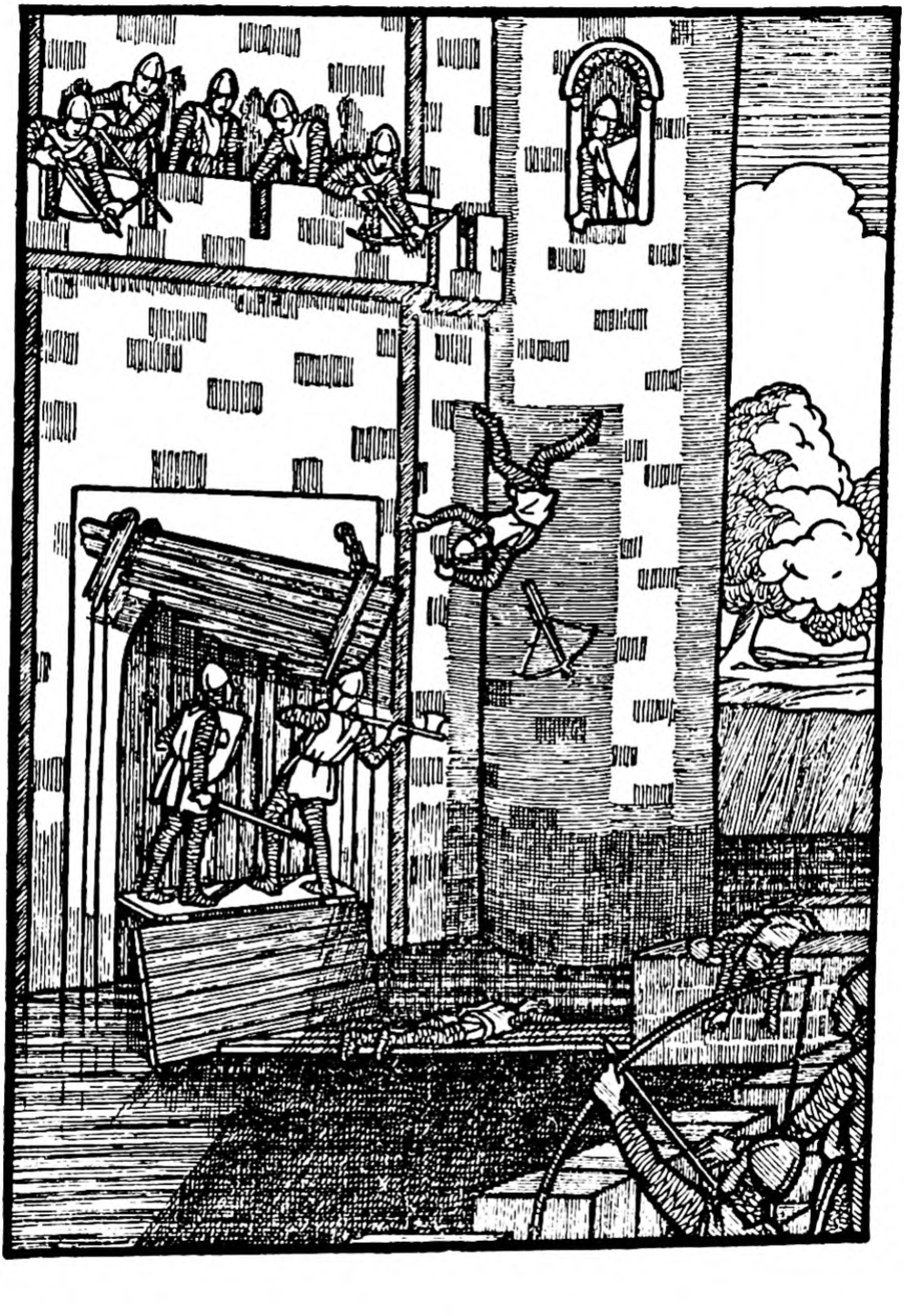
"THE CASTLE BURNS!"

CEDRIC told the Black Knight and Locksley about Ulrica's message, although he had not great confidence in it. They were well pleased to find that they had a friend within the castle, and agreed that an attack should be made as soon as possible.

The knight had employed the time, since the capture of the out-work, in constructing a floating bridge, bv means of which he hoped to cross the moat. The time spent on this was not regretted, as it gave Ulrica time to carry out her plan. When the bridge was ready the Black Knight addressed his men.

"The sun is descending in the west, and Bois-Guilbert's horsemen will come upon us from York, unless we act speedily. One of you go to Locksley and tell him to send a shower of arrows at the opposite side of the castle, and move forward as if he was about to attack it. You, true English hearts, stand by me and be ready to thrust the bridge over the moat; then follow me boldly across and help me to burst open the rear-gate of the castle. . . . In the name of God, then, open the door and push out the bridge!"

The door of the outer tower, opposite to the rear-door of the castle, was suddenly opened; the bridge was thrust forward, and the Black Knight, closely followed by Cedric, soon reached the other side. Here he began to thunder with his axe upon the



gate of the castle, protected in part by the ruins of the former bridge which Bois-Guilbert had destroyed when he retreated from the outer tower. The followers of the knight had no such shelter; two were instantly shot with cross-bows, and two more fell into the moat; the others retreated to the tower.

The position of Cedric and the Black Knight was now truly dangerous, and would have been more so but for the bowmen in the tower, who constantly showered arrows upon the walls of the castle, distracting the attention of the defenders.

"Shame on you," cried De Bracy. "Do you call yourselves soldiers and let these two dogs keep their station under the walls of the castle! Throw over stones on them from the walls. Or—better—get pick-axes and throw down that piece of wall upon them!"

At this moment the attackers caught sight of the red flag upon the western tower which Ulrica had described to Cedric. Locksley was the first to observe it.

"St. George!" he cried. "To the charge, bold men! Why leave the good knight and Cedric to attack the gate alone? The castle is ours; we have friends within. Yonder flag is the appointed signal. One effort and the place is ours!"

With that he bent his good bow and sent an arrow right through the breast of one of the men-at-arms, who was loosening a great piece of the wall to throw it down on the heads of Cedric and the Black Knight. A second soldier caught from the hands of the dying man the pick-axe, and had loosened the piece of wall when he received an arrow through his helmet; he dropped from the wall into the moat, a dead man.

"Do you withdraw, cowards!" said De Bracy. "Give me the pick-axe."

Seizing it he again attacked the loosened wall, which was of weight enough, if thrown down, not only to have destroyed the two knights, but also to have sunk the floating bridge. All saw the danger, and the boldest, ever the brave hermit of Copmanhurst, avoided setting foot on the bridge. Three times did Locksley bend his bow against De Bracy, and three times the arrow leapt back from the knight's armour.

"A curse on that Spanish steel-coat!" said Locksley. He then began to call out, "Friends! noble Cedric! come back, and let the ruin fall!"

His warning was unheard, for the noise which the knight himself made by his strokes upon the gate drowned it.

The piece of the wall was already shaking, and De Bracy was still labouring at his task. He would have succeeded, but the voice of Bois-Guilbert sounded close to his ears.

"All is lost, De Bracy; the castle burns! All the western side is in flames. I have striven in vain to put it out."

"Saints of heaven!" said De Bracy. "What is to be done?"

"Listen," said Bois-Guilbert. "Lead your men down; throw open the rear-gate. There are but two men on the bridge; cast them into the moat, and push across the bridge into the outer tower. I will charge from the main gate and attack the tower from the other side. If we can regain that tower, we can defend ourselves there until help comes."

"It is a good plan," said De Bracy.

He hastily drew his men together, rushed down to the rear-gate, and instantly caused the gate to be thrown open. But, scarcely was this done, ere the enormous strength of the Black Knight forced his way inward, in spite of De Bracy and his followers. Two men fell, and the rest gave way.

" Dogs ! " said De Bracy. " Will you let *two* men win our only way to safety ? "

" He is the devil," said an aged man-at-arms, leaping back from the blows of the Black Knight.

" Let me come forward. I will deal with this knight myself," cried De Bracy.

The passage rang with the blows which De Bracy dealt with his sword and the Black Knight with his great axe. At last De Bracy received a blow which cast him to the floor.

" Yield, De Bracy," said the Black Knight, stooping over him.

" I will not yield," replied De Bracy, " to an unknown conqueror. Tell me your name."

The Black Knight whispered something into his ear.

" I yield myself," answered De Bracy, changing his tone to one of deep submission.

" Go to the outer tower," said the Black Knight, " and there wait my further orders."

" Yet first let me say," said De Bracy, " what you would wish to know: Wilfrid of Ivanhoe is wounded and a prisoner, and will perish in the burning castle unless he is helped at once. Ascend that stair; it leads to his chamber."

During this fight and the brief conversation which followed it, Cedric had crossed the bridge with a band of men, and drove back the followers of De Bracy into the courtyard. De Bracy gave up his sword to Locksley, whom he met by the way.

As the fire increased, signs of it became apparent in the chamber where Ivanhoe was watched and tended by Rebecca. He had been wakened from his brief slumber by the noise of battle; and Rebecca, at his anxious desire, again placed herself at the window; but she was prevented from seeing anything by the smoke. At last the volumes of smoke which rolled into the room, and the cries for water heard even above the noise of the battle, warned them of their new danger.

"The castle burns," said Rebecca; "it burns! What can we do to save ourselves?"

"Fly, Rebecca, and save your own life," said Ivanhoe, "for no human aid can help me."

"I will not fly," answered Rebecca; "we will be saved, or perish, together."

At this moment the door of the room flew open and Bois-Guilbert appeared, a terrible figure, his armour broken and bloody, and his helmet marked with fire. "There is but one path to safety," said he to Rebecca: "I have cut my way through fifty dangers to point it out to you."

"Rather," said Rebecca, "will I perish in the flames than accept safety from you."

"You shall not choose, Rebecca. Once you escaped me; you shall not escape me twice."

So saying, he seized the terrified maiden and bore her out of the room in spite of her cries, and without regarding the helpless threats which Ivanhoe thundered against him.

"I should not have found you, Wilfrid, but for your shouts," said the Black Knight, who at that instant entered the room.

"If you are a true knight," said Wilfrid, "think not of me—pursue that man—save the Lady Rowena—look to noble Cedric."

"In their turn," answered the Black Knight, "but your turn is first."

Seizing Ivanhoe, he bore him off with as much ease as Bois-Guilbert had carried Rebecca, and rushed with him to the rear-gate. There he delivered his burden to the care of two outlaws. Then again he entered the castle to assist in saving the other prisoners.

One tower was now in bright flames, which flashed out furiously from window to window. In the other parts the thickness of the walls resisted the flames, and there the attackers pursued the defenders from chamber to chamber. The air was filled with cries and the noise of arms; the floors were wet with blood.

Through this scene of confusion Cedric rushed in search of Rowena. He reached her chamber just as she had given up all hope of safety.

Athelstane and Wamba had already escaped from their room into the courtyard, which was now the last scene of the battle. Here sat Bois-Guilbert on horseback, surrounded by several of his men. The bridge of the main gateway had been let down over the moat, but the bowmen had crowded to the entrance so as to prevent their escape. On the other side a party of attackers who had entered by the rear-gate were just now issuing out into the courtyard.

Rebecca was placed on horseback before one of Bois-Guilbert's servants in the midst of the party.

As Athelstane came into the courtyard he beheld the female form, and thought it to be Rowena whom the knight was carrying off. He seized an axe from the grasp of a dying man and rushed at Bois-Guilbert, crying, " Turn, false-hearted knight, and let her go whom you are unworthy to touch."

" Dog! " said Bois-Guilbert, and rising up in his saddle he gave a fearful blow upon the head of Athelstane. It cut in half the axe, and descending upon Athelstane's head, threw him lifeless to the ground. Then calling aloud, " Those who would save themselves, follow me! " Bois-Guilbert rode across the bridge, scattering the bow-men. He was followed by his servants and five or six men-at-arms.

The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle when Ulrica appeared on a tower. Her long grey hair flew back from her uncovered head.

The flames rose into the evening sky. Tower after tower fell. The wild figure of Ulrica was for a long time visible. At last the whole tower gave way beneath her and she perished in the flames which had consumed her master, Front-de-Boeuf.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE LAW OF THE OUTLAWS

DAYLIGHT dawned upon the forest. The green boughs glittered with all their pearls of dew. The outlaws were assembled round the oak tree in Hart Hill Walk, awaiting the division of the spoil taken from the castle.

Locksley took his seat, giving the Black Knight a seat on his right, and Cedric a place on his left.

"Let us begin," said Locksley. "Noble Cedric, that spoil is divided into two portions. Take choice of either portion as a gift to your people who took part in this adventure."

"Good sir," said Cedric, "my heart is full of sadness; the noble Athelstane of Coningsburgh is dead. I have waited only to carry his body to its last resting-place. I have not stayed to share the spoil: neither I nor any of mine will accept any of it. I wish only to render thanks to you and your bold men for the life and honour you have saved. As for my men, I am rich enough to pay them from my own wealth."

"Some," said Wamba, "have been wise enough to pay themselves; they are not marching off empty-handed."

"But you, poor Wamba," said Cedric, turning about and embracing him, "how shall I repay you, who feared not to give your body to chains and death instead of mine? All forsook me, and only the poor fool was faithful."

A tear stood in Cedric's eye.

"If you pay my service," said Wamba, "with water of your eye, then I must weep to keep you company. But a fool must not weep; his duty is to laugh. If you would indeed give me pleasure, I pray you to pardon my play-fellow, Gurth."

"Pardon him!" cried Cedric. "I will pardon him and set him free. Kneel down, Gurth. Slave thou art no longer, but a free man, and I give you a farm on my lands at Walbrugham, to belong to you and your descendants for ever."

A slave no longer, but a free man and a landowner, Gurth sprang to his feet.

"Cut off this brass ring from my neck!" he cried. "Noble master! my strength is doubled by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you."

Before he departed, Cedric expressed his peculiar gratitude to the Black Knight, and earnestly begged him to accompany him to Rotherwood.

"To Rotherwood will I come," said the knight, "and that speedily; and perhaps when I come there I shall ask of you such a gift as will be a test for your generosity."

"It is granted ere it is spoken," said Cedric, giving the Black Knight his hand.

"Do not count your promise too lightly," said the knight. "Till then, farewell."

Locksley then took from his neck a beautiful horn.

"Noble Knight," he said, "I pray you to accept this as a reminder of your brave deeds; and if ever you are attacked in the forest, blow three notes upon the horn, thus — — — and you will find helpers."

"I thank you for your gift," said the knight, and he blew the call till all the forest rang.

"I wish," said Locksley, "that we could hear news of our brave hermit. He is not often absent when food is to be eaten or spoil divided."

As he spoke a loud shout told of the arrival of the hermit.

"Make room, my merry men," he cried, "room for your holy father and the prisoner he has saved. Where is Alan-a-dale to make a poem about me?"

Amidst the laughter of all he appeared in majesty, holding in one hand a huge sword, and leading with the other Isaac the Jew.

"Now, Jew," said the Captain, "think well what gift you will desire to offer us for having so nobly saved you. But there is one other wealthy prisoner who must first be seen. Here comes the worthy man."

And, between two outlaws, there was brought before the throne of the outlaw chief our old friend Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx.

The Prior's features showed a strange mixture of offended pride and bodily terror.

"Why, how now, sirs!" said he. "What means this? Who are you who dare to treat a church-man in this way. You have taken my letters, you have torn my beautiful robe. Another in my place might have laid a curse upon you. But I am peaceful, and, if you order my horse to be brought, set my attendants free, give me back my letters, pay me a hundred pieces of silver, and promise to eat no meat for three months, it may be that you shall hear little more of this foolish adventure."

"Holy father," said the chief outlaw, "it grieves me to think that you have met with such treatment from any of my followers as causes you to be displeased with us."

"Treatment!" echoed the Prior. "Here is a low fellow named Alan-a-Dale who threatened to beat me, even to kill me, if I did not pay down four hundred pieces of silver—and that after he had already taken from me gold chains and rings of unknown value. He swore that he would hang me up on the highest tree in the forest!"

"Did he so, indeed? Why, then, father, I think you had better pay what he asked, for Alan-a-dale is a man who carries out what he has promised."

"You are joking," said the astonished Prior with a forced laugh, "and I love a good joke with all my heart. But—ha! ha! ha!—when the joke has lasted the whole night through, it is time to be grave in the morning."

"But I am grave," replied the outlaw. "You must pay us a large amount or you will never see your friends again."

"Well, then," said the Prior angrily, "what am I to pay? What am I to pay for walking on the public road without having fifty men at my back?"

"Would it not be well," said one of the other outlaws, "that the Prior should say what the Jew should pay, and the Jew name the amount for the Prior?"

"You are a mad fellow," said the Captain, "but your plan is excellent! Here, Jew, step forth. Look at that Prior Aymer, of the rich Priory of Jorvaulx, and tell us what amount of money he should pay us to be allowed to go free. You know how much money the priory has, I am sure."

"Oh, yes," said Isaac. "I have done business with the good fathers, and brought wheat and fruit and much wood. It is a very rich priory."

"How much should he pay, Isaac?" said the chief.

"Six hundred pieces," said Isaac. "He could pay that amount easily."

"Then six hundred pieces be it," said the leader gravely. "And what do you say, Prior Aymer; can the Jew pay a good amount?"

"Can *he* pay!" answered the Prior. "Report says that his house at York is full of gold and silver.

I tell you that you should not take from him less than a thousand pieces."

"The God of our fathers help me!" said the Jew. "I am to-day childless, and will you take away all my wealth also? Oh, Rebecca, daughter of my loved Rachel, if every leaf on that tree were a piece of gold, and every piece my own, all that mass of wealth would I give to know whether you are alive and have escaped from the hands of the enemy."

"Was not your daughter dark-haired?" said one of the outlaws; "and did she not wear a veil edged with silver?"

"She did! She did!" said the old man, trembling with eagerness. "A blessing upon you! Can you tell me anything of her safety?"

"It was she, then," said the man, "who was carried off by Bois-Guilbert when he broke through our line yesterday. I would have sent an arrow after him, but I feared I might harm the maiden."

"Oh!" answered the Jew, "I would to God that you had shot, even though the arrow had pierced her bosom. Better the grave of her fathers than dishonour. *Ichabod!* The glory has departed from my house!"

"Friends," said the chief, looking round, "the old man's grief touches me. Be truthful with us, Isaac—will paying one thousand pieces leave you altogether penniless?"

Isaac grew pale, stammered, and could not deny that there might still be some money left.

"Well—we will not reckon with you too closely," said the outlaw. "Without money you will not be able to buy back your child from the hands of Sir Brian de Bois-Guilbert. We will take you at the same amount as Prior Aymer,—or rather one hundred pieces less, which I will pay for you myself. You will then have five hundred pieces remaining to buy back your daughter. Templars love the glitter of silver as well as the sparkle of black eyes. Hasten to shake your money-bag in the ears of De Bois-Guilbert. Our scouts have brought us news that you will find him at the House of the Templars at Templestowe. Said I well, my merry men?"

The outlaws expressed their agreement with their leader's opinion, and Isaac threw himself at the feet of their generous chief.

"No," said the Captain, drawing himself back; "kneel to God, and not to a poor sinner like me."

"If you make a friend of me," said Prior Aymer, "you might acquire help for yourself and for your daughter, Rebecca. I grieve for the maiden, for she is fair and has a pleasing face. I beheld her at the tournament at Ashby. I can do much with Brian de Bois-Guilbert if I put in a good word for you."

Locksley led Isaac aside. "My advice to you, Isaac, is to make a friend of the Prior. I am eager to help you, for we are old friends. Do you not remember the sick man whom your fair daughter Rebecca saved from chains at York, and kept him in your house till he recovered his health, and then dismissed him with a piece of money?"

"Are you he whom we called Diccon Bend-the-Bow?" said Isaac. "I thought I remembered your voice."

"I am Bend-the-Bow," said the Captain, "and Locksley, and I have a good name besides all these. I am grieved for your daughter. But I cannot help you. The Templar's spears are too strong for my bowmen; they would scatter us like dust. Had I but known it was Rebecca when she was borne off, something might have been done; but now force can do nothing. Come, shall I talk for you to the Prior?"

"In God's name, Diccon, aid me to recover the child of my bosom!"

"Prior Aymer," said the Captain, "come apart with me under this tree. I have heard that you love good food and wine. I have heard that you love good dogs and a swift horse and other things which cost money. But I have never heard that you love wrong-doing and cruelty. Will you write a letter to the Templar to assist Isaac to recover his daughter?"

"Well," said Aymer, "since I must take a part in this matter, let me have a pen. But where can I find one?"

"I can soon find you a pen," said the outlaw, and bending his bow he aimed an arrow at a great bird which was flying over their heads. The bird came down, pierced through by the arrow.

"There, Prior," said the Captain, "there are feathers to make pens enough for all the Priory of Jorvaulx for the next hundred years."

The Prior sat down and slowly wrote a letter to Brian de Bois-Guilbert. Having carefully sealed it, he delivered it to the Jew, saying, "This will bring you safely into the House of the Templars at Templestowe, and, as I think, is most likely to accomplish the delivery of your daughter if you add to it a good amount of money; for, believe me, the good knight Bois-Guilbert does nothing 'for nothing.'"

The Black Knight had listened to all this with no small interest. He now said farewell to each outlaw in turn. Nor could he avoid expressing his surprise at having seen so much of simple justice among persons cast out from the protection and influence of the laws.

"Good fruit, Sir Knight," said the Captain, "will sometimes grow on a bad tree. You may make your guess as to who I am, and I may form my judgment regarding you. We have each our secret."

"It may be," said the knight, "that when we next meet there will be less concealment on both sides. For the present we part friends, do we not?"

"There is my hand upon it," said Locksley, "and it is the hand of a true Englishman, though an outlaw for the present."

"And there is my hand in return," said the knight, "and I consider it honoured by being clasped by yours. For he who does good, having unlimited power to do evil, deserves double praise. He deserves praise not only for the good which he does, but also for the evil which he leaves undone. Farewell, brave outlaw!"

And mounting his strong war-horse, the Black Knight rode off through the forest.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

A MURDER IS ARRANGED

THERE was great feasting in the Castle of York. Prince John had invited those lords who would, he hoped, help him to seize his brother Richard's throne.

It was on the morning after the fall of Torquilstone that a confused report began to spread through the city of York that De Bracy, Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Boeuf had been captured or slain. Waldemar brought the news to Prince John, and soon afterwards De Bracy himself arrived.

"Bois-Guilbert is fled," he said. "Front-de-Boeuf has found a red grave among the blazing ruins of his castle, and the worst news is not yet said. Richard is in England. I have seen and spoken with him. And now he has ridden away alone through the forest."

Waldemar and Prince John looked at each other.

"There is but one road to safety," said the Prince. "Richard is journeying alone; he must be met, and made a prisoner."

"I say," added Waldemar, "that the best prison is a sepulchre. Let Hugh Bardon be called, and let him bring us two men who know the forests well and are skilled in tracking the marks of man or horse. I shall go with them."

"With what attendants?" said the Prince.

"Thoresby, and Stephen—called Steel-heart for his cruelty—and the three men called the Spears of Spyinghow."

"It is well," said the Prince.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

GRAND MASTER OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

OUR tale now returns to Isaac of York. Mounted upon a horse, the gift of Locksley, with two tall outlaws to act as his guard and his guides, the Jew had set out for the house of the Knights Templar at Templestowe.

The House of the Templars was built among fair meadows and pastures. The house itself was strong and built in the manner of a fort. Two men-at-arms, dressed in black, guarded the draw-bridge, and others in the same sad garments walked to and fro upon the walls with a funereal pace.

The Grand Master of the Knights Templar was walking in a small garden within the walls, and holding a sad and secret conversation with a brother of the order who had come in his company from Palestine.

The Grand Master was a man advanced in age. He had a long grey beard and rough grey eyebrows overhanging eyes of which his age had been unable to dim the fire. His face showed the soldier's fierceness of expression, also the religious pride of one who is too well satisfied with his own holiness.

His companion, who attended on this great person, was dressed in a white robe with a red cross upon it, like that of the Grand Master; but he showed by his extreme humbleness towards his superior that there was no equality between them.

"Conrade," said the Grand Master, "dear companion of my battles and my toils, to your faithful bosom alone can I confide my sorrows. I would rather strive with one hundred thousand enemies in the field of battle than witness the decay of our holy order!"

"It is but too true," answered Conrade Mont Fitchett; "the behaviour of our brothers in England is even worse than of those in France."

"That is because they are more wealthy," answered the Grand Master. "—What do the rules of our order say, and how do the brothers of our order keep them? The rules say that they should wear no vain or worldly ornament; yet who go out dressed so proudly and so gaily as the Soldiers of the Temple? They are forbidden to hunt; yet who are so ready as the Templars in these foolish and vain sports? Their drink should be water; and now to 'drink like a Templar' is the boast of every jolly companion. They are commanded to root out magic and false religious beliefs; and, behold! they are studying the secret magic of the Jews and the Saracens. I *will* purify this Temple, and the unclean stones I will remove and cast out of the building."

At this moment a servant entered the garden. He bowed deeply to the Grand Master, then stood waiting his permission before he dared to speak.

"Speak, Damian," said the Grand Master.

"A Jew stands without the gate, noble and holy father," said Damian. "He wishes to speak with Brother Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"You were right to tell me of this," said the Grand Master. "The brother of our order should walk, not according to his own will, but according to the will of the Master. It is important that we should know of this Bois-Guilbert's proceedings."

"He is reported to be a brave man," said Conrade.

"He is truly so spoken of," said the Grand Master. "But Brother Brian has been a murmurer; he has stirred up trouble; he has been a leader of those who disobey my authority. Damian," he continued, "lead the Jew to my presence."

In a few minutes Damian returned, leading in Isaac of York.

"Damian," said the Grand Master, "retire, and allow no one to enter the garden until I leave it." The servant bowed and retreated. "Jew," continued the proud old man, "listen. I do not waste words or time upon anyone. Therefore, be brief in your answers to the questions which I ask you, and let your words be true. If you lie to me, I will have your tongue torn out."

The Jew was about to reply; but the Grand Master went on:

"Silence! Not a word in my presence save in answer to my questions. What is your business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

Isaac stood dumb with terror and uncertainty. If he told his tale, he would be speaking ill of the Holy Order of Knights Templar; yet, unless he told it, what hope could he have of gaining his daughter's freedom?

The Grand Master saw his fears, and attempted to calm them.

"Fear nothing for yourself," he said, "if you deal truthfully in this matter. I demand again to know from you your business with Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"I am the bearer of a letter," stammered the Jew, "so please your holiness—to that good knight from Prior Aymer of Jorvaulx."

"Give me the letter."

Isaac, with trembling hands, took the letter from his cap, where he had put it for safety, and handed it to Conrade, who gave it to the Grand Master.

"Holy father," said Conrade, "do you mean to break the seal?"

"Why should I not?" said the Master with a frown. "Is it not written in Rule 42 that a Templar shall not receive a letter, even from his own father, without showing it to the Grand Master and reading it in his presence?"

He then hastily read the letter, with an expression of surprise and horror. Then he read it over again more slowly. Then he held it out to Conrade with one hand, and, striking it with the other, exclaimed, "Here are fine words for one Christian man to write to another."

Conrade Mont Fitchett took the letter.

"Read it aloud," said the Grand Master, "and do you"—speaking to Isaac—"listen to it also, for we shall question you concerning it."

Conrade read the letter, which was in these words:

"PRIOR AYMER, OF JORVAULX PRIORY,
TO
SIR BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT,
KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF THE TEMPLE.

"*I am at present a captive in the hands of certain lawless men, and from them I have learned of Front-de-Boeuf's misfortune, and that you have escaped with that fair Jewish witch, whose black eyes have cast a charm on you! I am glad that you are safe, but I pray you to be on your guard in the matter of this witch. For I have heard privately that your new Grand Master, who cares nothing for red cheeks or black eyes, comes from France to diminish your merry-making and to amend your misdoings. Therefore I beg you to be careful. The wealthy Jew, Isaac of York, her father, has asked me for a letter to you. I give him this, and earnestly beg you to let her go, since he will pay you* *from his money-bags more than enough to repay the loss of her.*

"*Until our next merry meeting, I wish you farewell.*

"AYMER."

"What do you say to this, Conrade?" said the Grand Master. "What does he mean by 'this witch who has cast a charm on you'?"

Conrade explained the words as meaning merely that Sir Brian had thought the lady very beautiful.

"There is more in it than you guess, Conrade. This Rebecca of York is indeed a witch and practises magic. You shall hear the Jew admit it." Then turning to Isaac he said aloud, "Your daughter, then, is a prisoner of Brian de Bois-Guilbert?"

"Yes, sir," stammered poor Isaac, "and whatever money is asked for her freedom——"

"Silence!" said the Grand Master. "Your daughter has practised the art of healing, has she not?"

"Yes, gracious sir. Many a knight and man-at-arms will bear witness that she has healed them by her art when other human aid has been in vain."

The Grand Master turned to Mont Fitchett. "See, brother," he said.

"Ah, false Jew!" he continued, speaking to Isaac, "how dare your daughter make charms and be-witch the soldiers of the Temple? Damian! Throw this Jew from the gate. Shoot him if he turns back again. With his daughter we will deal according to the law."

. . . .

It is not necessary for us to describe at length the trial of Rebecca before the Grand Master. It was a mockery of justice. The judgment passed upon her was that she should be burnt. One hope alone remained to her. In those days a prisoner was in certain cases allowed to be "tried by battle." This means that two knights would fight, the one maintaining her guilt, and the other her innocence, and the fate of the prisoner was decided according to the result of the battle.

"There is yet one chance of life left to me," said Rebecca, "even by your fierce laws. Life has been miserable—miserable, at least, of late; but I will not cast away the gift of God while I have the means of defending it. I deny this charge of which I am accused. I maintain my innocence. I claim the right to be tried by battle."

"And what knight, Rebecca," said the Grand Master, "will fight for you?"

"God will raise up a knight to fight for me," said Rebecca. "It cannot be that in merry England, the generous, the free, there will not be one found to fight for justice."

"Then," said the Grand Master, after a pause, "I appoint Brian de Bois-Guilbert to fight for the cause of justice, and to prove that this woman is justly found guilty; and I give to Rebecca three days in which to find a knight to fight for her innocence."

The Grand Master smiled secretly at his own cleverness: hateful though the task was, Bois-Guilbert dared not refuse it.

"Is there anyone here," said Rebecca, "who will carry a message for me?"

All were silent. At last one replied. It was Higg, the son of Snell. "I have the use of but one leg," he said, "but that I have the use of this one is due to the kindness of the Jewess and her skill in healing. I will carry your message."

It was fortunate that he had not far to go. Isaac was waiting at the gate. He read her letter:

"MY FATHER,—*I am to die, being accused of being a witch. But if any knight can be found to* *fight for my cause on the third day from now, I may yet be saved. The knight Ivanhoe might do battle for me, if he is yet strong enough to bear the weight of his armour. Send news to him, and say that, if Rebecca lives, or if she dies, she is innocent of this guilt."*

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

RICHARD, KING OF ENGLAND

WHEN the Black Knight left the oak tree at Hart Hill Walk, he went straight to the Priory of St. Botolph, to which the wounded Ivanhoe had been taken by Gurth and Wamba.

"We will meet," said he to Ivanhoe, "at Coningsburgh, where your father is holding a funeral feast for Athelstane. I shall there attempt to make you and your father better friends. Rest here to-day: Wamba shall ride with me through the forest. Farewell, Wilfrid; you must not travel until to-morrow."

Ivanhoe followed them with his eyes till they were lost in the shade of the trees; and then returned to the priory. He then called for his horse, and, commanding Gurth to keep by his side, followed the track of the Black Knight.

"I am strong enough to fight," he said, "when I feel that my master is in danger."

The Black Knight and Wamba were making their way through the forest.

"I pray you," said Wamba, "let me see that horn which Locksley gave you."

The knight gave it to Wamba, who immediately hung it round his neck.

"If I am not mistaken," he said, "you had better be ready, for there are persons among those bushes who are on the look-out for us."

"What makes you think so?" said the knight.

"Two or three times I have noticed the glimmer of steel among the green leaves. If they were honest men they would keep to the path."

"By my faith!" said the knight, closing the front of his helmet, "I think you are right."

He closed it just in time, for three arrows flew from the bushes, and one of them struck against the front of the helmet.

"Thanks, Wamba," he said. "Let us close with them," and he rode straight at the bushes.

He was met by six or seven men-at-arms, who rode at him with their spears. Three of the spears struck him, and broke with as little effect as if they had been driven against a tower of steel. The Black Knight's eyes seemed to flash fire.

"What means this, sirs?" he cried.

The men made no reply, but drew their swords and attacked him on every side, crying, "Die, false prince!"

"Ha! St. Edward! Ha! St. George!" said the Black Knight, striking down a man at every word. "Have we disloyalty here?"

His opponents drew back from an arm which carried death in every blow, and it seemed as if his single strength was about to gain the battle. A knight in blue armour had up till now kept himself behind the others; he now rode forward aiming with his spear, not at the rider, but at the horse, and wounded the noble animal.

"That was a foul stroke," exclaimed the Black Knight, as his horse fell to the earth, bearing his rider with him.

At this moment Wamba blew the horn. The sudden sound made the murderers draw back once more, and Wamba, though having only a sword, rushed in to assist the Black Knight.

"Shame on you, false cowards!" exclaimed the man in blue armour. "Do you fly from the sound of a horn blown by a fool?"

Roused by his words they attacked the Black Knight again, who placed his back against a tree and defended himself with his sword. The Blue Knight took another spear and rode against him, hoping to pin him to the tree; but Wamba, waiting on the edge of the fight, thrust his sword into the Blue Knight's horse. Horse and man fell to the ground. The Black Knight was still in great danger, as he was pressed hard by several men. He began to show signs of weariness, when an arrow suddenly struck one of his most dangerous foes and laid him on the ground. A band of outlaws broke forth from the trees, headed by Locksley and the jolly hermit. Soon all the Black Knight's enemies lay dead or wounded.

The Black Knight thanked his deliverers with a majesty which they had not observed before. Up till then his manner had been rather that of a rough, bold soldier than of a person of noble rank.

Then he said, "Open the helmet of the Blue Knight, Wamba. He seems to be their leader."

Wamba did so.

"Waldemar Fitzurse!" cried the Black Knight. "Tell me the truth, who set you on to this foul deed?"

"It was your father's son," answered Waldemar, "Prince John."

"You do not ask your life."

"He that is in the lion's jaws knows that it is useless."

"Take, then, your life unasked; the lion does not attack the wounded beast. But within three days you will leave England. Give the knight a horse, Locksley."

"I would send an arrow through that fellow which would save him the trouble of a long journey," murmured Locksley, "but I judge that I have listened to a voice whose commands must be obeyed."

"You are an Englishman, Locksley," said the Black Knight, "and you have rightly judged that you are bound to obey my commands—I am Richard, King of England."

At these words Locksley and the outlaws kneeled before him and asked pardon for their offences.

"Rise, my friends," said Richard in a gracious tone. "Your offences in the forest have been paid for by the loyal services which you rendered at Torquilstone and the help which you have given me to-day. And you, brave Locksley——"

"Call me no longer Locksley, my king, but know me under the name which has perhaps already reached your ears. I am Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest."

Two more persons appeared on the scene—Ivanhoe and Gurth.

"Do not be afraid, Wilfrid," said the King, "to address me now by my own name. We have had disloyalty here, but, thanks to these brave men, it has been dealt with. But now I think you also have been disobedient—for did I not give orders that you should rest to-day at St. Botolph's Priory until your wound was healed?"

"It is healed," replied Ivanhoe. "But why, noble King, do you thus endanger your life by lonely journeys when your kingdom is threatened by civil war?"

"If I make myself known too soon, it would bring upon me worse dangers than these: I must give time for my loyal friends to assemble their men. But come, sirs, let us go merrily on to Coningsburgh, and think no more of it."

When Richard Lion-heart and his friends approached Coningsburgh Castle, he came upon a busy scene. The funeral feast was being held in the courtyard. Inside the castle Cedric was sitting with his friends. He rose when the Black Knight entered and took his hand.

"I have come to remind you, noble lord," said Richard, "that when we last parted you promised to grant me a request."

"It is granted, noble knight," answered Cedric.

"As yet you have known me only as the Black Knight: know me now as Richard, King of England, whose deepest desire is to see England's sons, both Saxon and Norman, united with each other."

"You say well, Sir King—for king I own you."

"And now for my request. I ask you to forgive Wilfrid of Ivanhoe and receive him back again as your son."

"My father!" cried Ivanhoe, throwing himself at Cedric's feet, "grant me your forgiveness."

"You have it, my son," said Cedric, raising him up. "I know how to keep a promise.—You are about to speak, and I guess the subject. Lady Rowena must keep a period of mourning for Athelstane, who was her promised husband, but after that——"

A servant entered and inquired for Ivanhoe, saying that a man asked for him at the gate on a matter of life and death. After receiving the message Ivanhoe called for Gurth and his armour and quickly left the castle.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

THE JUDGMENT OF GOD

Our scene returns to Templestowe. The life or death of Rebecca is about to be decided. On a level piece of ground in front of the gate a large multitude was assembled. At one end of the ground was a heap of logs arranged round a post fixed in the ground, and to the post was fixed a chain to hold the unhappy creature who was to be burnt.

The heavy bell of the Church of St. Michael of Templestowe sounded. The gates opened and a knight bearing a flag rode forth, followed by the Knights Templar. Then came the Grand Master, and behind him Bois-Guilbert in full armour. The procession slowly entered the field.

Rebecca was conducted to a black chair placed near the heap of wood. On her first glance at the terrible spot she trembled and shut her eyes. Then she gazed fixedly at it, as if to familiar-ize her mind with it, and then slowly turned away her head.

The Grand Master took his seat, and the others sat in order, according to their rank, behind him.

Malvoisin then stood forth. "Holy father," said he, "Brian de Bois-Guilbert will to-day do battle to maintain that this Jewish maiden, by name Rebecca, has justly deserved the judgment passed upon her that she should die as a witch."

Horns were sounded. Then there was a pause of many minutes.

"No knight has appeared for her," said the Grand Master. "Go and ask her whether she expects anyone to do battle for her."

The message was carried.

"Say to the Grand Master," replied Rebecca, "that I maintain my innocence. I claim such delay as his law permits. God will raise up for me a deliverer. If not, may God's holy will be done."

These words were reported to the Grand Master.

"We will wait," said he, "until the shadows are cast from the west to the eastward. When the day is so far passed, let her prepare for death."

For two hours the Grand Master sat waiting. It was the general belief that no one would appear for her.

At last a knight, urging his horse to speed, appeared on the plain, advancing towards the field.

"He comes! He comes!" shouted the multitude.

A second glance, however, destroyed the hope which the knight's arrival had excited. His horse, urged for many miles, appeared ready to drop down with weariness, and the rider seemed, from weakness or weariness, scarcely able to support himself in the saddle.

He rode before the Grand Master. "I am a good knight, and noble," he cried, "and I have come hither to maintain the cause of Rebecca, daughter of Isaac, and to challenge Brian de Bois-Guilbert."

"The stranger must first tell his name," said the Grand Master.

"My name," said the knight, raising his helmet, "is Wilfrid of Ivanhoe."

"I will not fight with you at present," said Bois-Guilbert. "Get your wounds healed and get a better horse, and then I will think it worth my time."

"Ha! proud Templar," said Ivanhoe, "remember your boast in the halls of Rotherwood that you would do battle against Ivanhoe and recover the honour which you had lost. If you do not hold to that promise, I will proclaim you coward in every court in Europe."

"Dog of a Saxon," cried Bois-Guilbert. "Take your spear and prepare for death."

"Rebecca," said Ivanhoe, riding up to her, "do you accept me to fight for you?"

"I do," she said. "—Yet no! Your wounds are not healed. Why should you perish also?"

But Ivanhoe was already at his post. He closed his helmet and got ready his spear. Bois-Guilbert did the same, but his servant noticed as he closed his helmet that the knight's face, which all the morning had been very pale, was now red and swollen.

The signal was given. The knights charged at each other. The wearied horse of Ivanhoe, and its no less wearied rider, went down before the well-aimed spear and stronger charge of the Templar. This result had been expected by all. The spear of Ivanhoe only touched the shield of Bois-Guilbert; and yet Bois-Guilbert—to the astonishment of all—rolled in his saddle and fell to the ground.

Ivanhoe freed himself from his fallen horse; he was soon on foot, hastening to mend his fortune with his sword; but his opponent arose not. Wilfrid, placing his foot on the breast of the Templar and his sword-point at his throat, commanded him to yield himself or to die. Bois-Guilbert returned no answer.

"Slay him not, Sir Knight," cried the Grand Master. "We allow that he is conquered."

He descended into the field and ordered them to take off the helmet of the conquered man. His eyes were closed. His face was red. As they looked at him in astonishment, the eyes opened; but they were fixed and glassy. The colour passed from his face, and gave way to the paleness of death. Unharmed by the spear of his enemy, he had died from the strength of his own uncontrolled passions.

" This is indeed the judgment of God," said the Grand Master.

CHAPTER THIRTY

"IN THE LION'S MOUTH"

When the first moments of surprise were over Wilfrid of Ivanhoe demanded of the Grand Master what was his judgment.

"I declare the maiden free and guiltless," said the Grand Master. "The arms and body of the dead knight may be disposed of by the conqueror."

"I will not take his weapons," said the Knight of Ivanhoe. "God's arm, no human hand, has this day struck him down. But let him be buried privately, since he died in an unjust quarrel. And, for the maiden——"

There was a sound of horses' feet, advancing in such numbers and so rapidly as to shake the ground before them; and the Black Knight rode into the field. He was followed by a numerous band of men-at-arms and several knights in complete armour.

"I am too late," he said, looking around him. "I had intended to deal with Bois-Guilbert myself. Ivanhoe, was this wise, to take on yourself such an adventure when you are scarcely able to keep your saddle?"

"Heaven," answered Ivanhoe, "has dealt with this proud man."

Richard looked at the body. "Peace be with him—if it may be so," he said. "But we must waste no time. Bohun, do your duty."

A knight stepped forward and laid his hand on the shoulder of Malvoisin.

"You are my prisoner," said the knight.

"Who dares lay hands," cried the Grand Master, "on a Knight of the Temple within his own House and in the presence of the Grand Master? By whose authority do you dare to do this thing?"

"He does it by the order of Richard, King of England," said the King, raising his voice.

"I will resist!" said the Grand Master.

"Proud Templar," said the King, "you cannot! Look up and see the royal flag of England floats over your towers instead of your Temple banner. Be wise, and do not make a useless opposition. Your hand is in the lion's mouth."

Rebecca was clasped in the arms of her aged father, almost senseless. But one word from Isaac roused her.

"Let us go," he said, "my dear daughter, my recovered treasure,—let us go and throw ourselves at the feet of the good youth."

"Not so," said Rebecca. "Oh, no. No—no—I must not at this moment dare to speak to him. Alas! I should say more than—— No, my father, let us instantly leave this evil place."

"But, my daughter," said Isaac, "we cannot leave him like this, when he has come forth with his spear and shield to save you from captivity. We must thank him for his service."

"He is—he shall be—most gratefully thanked," said Rebecca. "He shall be thanked more—but not now. For the sake of your beloved Rachel, my mother, grant my request—not now!"

"But," said Isaac, insisting, "they will think us more thankless than mere dogs!"

"But you see, my dear father, that King Richard is present, and that——"

"True, my best, my wisest Rebecca! Let us go hence. Away, let us go hence."

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

THE FAREWELL OF REBECCA

It was on the second morning after the happy wedding of Ivanhoe and Rowena. Elgitha informed Rowena that a maiden desired admission to her presence, and asked that the meeting should be in private.

Rowena commanded that the maiden be admitted, and ordered her attendants to withdraw.

She entered, a noble and commanding figure, covered in a long white veil. Then kneeling upon one knee, she bent her head and kissed the edge of Rowena's garment.

"What means this, lady?" said the surprised bride.

"I come to pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to Wilfrid of Ivanhoe. I am the unhappy woman for whom he risked his life at Templestowe."

"Lady," said Rowena, "on that day he paid back in slight measure your unceasing kindness towards him when he was wounded. Speak, is there any way in which I may serve you?"

"None," replied Rebecca, "unless you will give to him my grateful farewell."

"You are leaving England then?"

"I shall leave it, lady, ere this moon changes." Her eyes filled with tears. "My heart swells when I think of Torquilstone and the field of Templestowe. Farewell. One small part of my duty remains. Accept this."

"You are my prisoner," said the knight.

"Who dares lay hands," cried the Grand Master, "on a Knight of the Temple within his own House and in the presence of the Grand Master? By whose authority do you dare to do this thing?"

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"But," said Isaac, insisting, "they will think us more thankless than mere dogs!"

"But you see, my dear father, that King Richard is present, and that——"

"True, my best, my wisest Rebecca! Let us go hence. Away, let us go hence."

QUESTIONS

(*In telling conversations the pupil should use the direct form of speech. Example:* The Prior said, " Please tell me the way to Rotherwood." *Not:* The Prior said *that he wanted to know* the way to Rotherwood.)

CHAPTER ONE

1. In what part of England does the scene of this story lie?
2. What is the date of the story?
3. (*a*) Who was ruling England?
   (*b*) How was he ruling?
4. Who was the real King of England?
5. Tell about the people of England in those days. (Why was there ill-feeling among them?)
6. Describe Gurth, and tell who he was.
7. Describe Wamba, and tell who he was.
8. (*a*) Why did Wamba refuse to help Gurth?
   (*b*) Why did he afterwards help him?

CHAPTER TWO

1. Tell about the Order of Knights Templar.
2. What sort of man was Prior Aymer?
3. Why did Wamba misdirect the Prior and the Templar?
4. What did the Prior say about (*a*) Cedric, (*b*) Rowena, (*c*) Wilfrid of Ivanhoe?
5. Tell all you know about the Pilgrim whom they met at the cross.

CHAPTER THREE

1. For what three reasons was Cedric angry?
2. What did Cedric say about (*a*) Wilfrid, (*b*) Bois-Guilbert?
3. Why will Rowena come to the hall?

CHAPTER FOUR

1. How did Bois-Guilbert offend Rowena?
2. Tell about the coming of Isaac.
3. Tell about the quarrel between the Palmer and Bois-Guilbert.
4. What promise was made at the feast?
5. Tell about the meeting between Bois-Guilbert and Isaac.

CHAPTER FIVE

1. Tell about the meeting between Rowena and the Pilgrim.
2. What did the Pilgrim tell Isaac?
3. What did the Pilgrim order Gurth to do?
4. What did Wamba wish he knew? (Give the conversation.)
5. What did the Pilgrim want?
6. How did Isaac know he wanted this?
7. What offer did Isaac make to the Pilgrim?

CHAPTER SIX

1. Describe the field of the tournament.
2. What quarrel broke out among the spectators?
3. Describe the meeting between Prince John and Rebecca.
4. How was the Queen of Beauty to be chosen?
5. In what two ways might a challenge be given?
6. What was the prize?
7. Why was there a long pause?
8. Describe the solitary knight.
9. Whom did this knight challenge? How?
10. Describe the fight between the Homeless Knight and Bois-Guilbert.
11. Describe the fight between the Homeless Knight and—(*a*) Front-de-Boeuf, (*b*) Malvoisin, (*c*) De Grantmesnil, (*d*) Ralph de Vipont.

CHAPTER SEVEN

1. Who did Prince John think the Homeless Knight might be?
2. Describe how the Homeless Knight chose the Queen of Beauty.

CHAPTER EIGHT

1. Tell how the servants of the other knights came to the Homeless Knight, and what he said to them.
2. Tell the conversation between the Homeless Knight and his servant, Gurth.
3. What did the Homeless Knight tell Gurth to do?
4. Tell how Isaac counted the money.
5. Tell of the meeting between Rebecca and Gurth.

CHAPTER NINE

1. Tell how Gurth was captured by the outlaws.
2. Tell how Gurth tried to escape.
3. For what reasons did the Captain give up the knight's money?
4. Tell about the fight between Gurth and the Miller.
5. Tell how Gurth was conducted home.

CHAPTER TEN

1. Why did Athelstane fight on Bois-Guilbert's side?
2. Describe how the knights were arranged for the battle.
3. Describe what was seen when the dust cleared away.
4. Tell how Athelstane and Bois-Guilbert both attacked the Homeless Knight.
5. Tell how the Black Knight saved the Homeless Knight.
6. (*a*) Tell how the Homeless Knight received the crown.
   (*b*) Tell how the name of the Homeless Knight was discovered.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

1. When the name Ivanhoe was heard—(*a*) what did Prince John say? (*b*) what did De Bracy say? (*c*) what did Waldemar say?
2. What did Prince John and De Bracy say about Lady Rowena?
3. What did Prince John say to Locksley?
4. Describe how Locksley shot against Hubert.
5. Describe how Locksley shot at a stick.
6. Tell how Prince John received a letter.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Describe De Bracy's plan.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

1. Tell the conversation between the Black Knight and the hermit before the door was opened.
2. What three questions did the knight ask? How were they answered?
3. Tell how the hermit was at last made to bring meat and wine.
4. How did the Black Knight make the hermit eat with him?
5. Tell about the finding of the harp—and what followed.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

1. What did Cedric do when he saw his son, Ivanhoe?
2. Whom did Oswald seize?
3. Who had taken away Ivanhoe?
4. What did Cedric say when he saw Gurth?
5. Why did Isaac ask to travel with Cedric?
6. Who was with Isaac (two people)?
7. How did Gurth escape?
8. Tell how Cedric and the rest were made prisoners.
9. (*a*) Who escaped?
   (*b*) Whom did he meet in the bushes?
10. What did Locksley say after he had "mingled with the men"?

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

1. Where did Locksley go?
2. What three questions did Locksley ask of his men? (Give the answers also.)
3. Why was Locksley angry with the hermit?
4. Tell the conversation between Locksley and the Black Knight.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

1. (*a*) In what way did De Bracy change his mind?
   (*b*) Why?
2. In what way were the prisoners divided up?

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

1. Tell all you know about Ulrica.
2. Tell the conversation between Rebecca and Bois-Guilbert up to the sound of the horn.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

1. What was written in the letter?
2. Why was Front-de-Boeuf afraid of the attack on his castle?
3. What reply was sent to the letter?
4. (*a*) Who went dressed as priest?
   (*b*) For what real purpose?

CHAPTER NINETEEN

1. Tell Wamba's conversation with Front-de-Boeuf.
2. Tell Wamba's conversation with Cedric.
3. (*a*) What (two things) did Wamba ask of Cedric as he said farewell?
   (*b*) What did Cedric answer?
4. Tell about the meeting of Cedric and Rebecca.
5. Why had Rebecca gone to meet the priest?

CHAPTER TWENTY

1. Tell the conversation between Ulrica and Cedric.
2. What (two things) did Front-de-Boeuf tell Cedric to do?

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

1. What question did Front-de-Boeuf ask the supposed Cedric and Athelstane?
2. (*a*) How much money did Athelstane offer?
   (*b*) Who were not included in the bargain?
   (*c*) What did Athelstane say when he heard that they were not included?
3. Who was Brother Ambrose, and what had he come to ask?
4. What orders did Front-de-Boeuf give to prepare for the attack?
5. What did Bois-Guilbert and De Bracy notice about the attackers?

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

1. How did Rebecca feel towards Ivanhoe?
2. How did Ivanhoe feel towards Rebecca?
3. Describe the outer tower.
4. Describe the attack on the wooden wall and the meeting of the Black Knight with Front-de-Boeuf.
5. What happened to the bridge leading from the tower to the castle?
6. "Why this impatient thirst for action?" Tell the rest of this speech of Rebecca.
7. What did Rebecca say and do after making this speech?

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

1. Tell what Ulrica said to Front-de-Boeuf when he was dying.
2. What had Ulrica done as her revenge?

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

1. What did the Black Knight construct?
2. What orders did the Black Knight give to Locksley?
3. Tell about Cedric and the Black Knight's attack on the gate (up to the arrival of Bois-Guilbert).
4. What did Bois-Guilbert tell De Bracy to do?
5. Tell of the meeting between De Bracy and the Black Knight. (Begin at the opening of the rear-gate.)
6. Tell about Rebecca and Ivanhoe from the moment when they discovered that the castle was on fire till after Rebecca was carried off, and Ivanhoe saved.
7. Tell about the death of Athelstane.
8. Tell the death of Ulrica.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

1. (*a*) What did Cedric do to Wamba?
   (*b*) What did Cedric give Wamba?
2. What did Cedric promise to the Black Knight?
3. What did Locksley give to the Black Knight?
4. Tell how the hermit appeared.
5. How did Locksley settle the price to be paid by the Prior and by Isaac?
6. Why was Locksley grateful to Isaac and Rebecca?
7. What advice did Locksley give to Isaac about saving Rebecca?
8. How did Locksley get a pen for the Prior?
9. The Black Knight said to Locksley, "I consider my hand honoured by being clasped by yours."—Why?

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Tell of the plan to murder—(someone).

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

1. In what ways were the Templars breaking the rules of their order?
2. What did the Grand Master say about Bois-Guilbert?
3. What was written in the Prior's letter?

4. What did the Grand Master think about Rebecca?
5. What right did Rebecca claim?
6. Who carried Rebecca's message to her father? Why?
7. What was Rebecca's message?

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

1. Where was Ivanhoe?
2. What orders did the Black Knight give to Ivanhoe?
3. For what did Wamba ask the Black Knight?
4. Tell of the attack on the Black Knight (until the arrival of the outlaws).
5. Who was the Blue Knight?
6. Who was the Black Knight?
7. What was Locksley's other name?
8. What request did Richard make of Cedric?
9. What did Cedric say about Rowena and Ivanhoe?

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

1. Describe the scene at Templestowe when Rebecca was brought out.
2. How long was the Grand Master willing to wait?
3. In what condition did Ivanhoe arrive?
4. Tell about the fight between Ivanhoe and Bois-Guilbert.

CHAPTER THIRTY

1. Richard said, "Do your duty." What happened then? What did the Grand Master say? What did Richard answer?
2. Tell the conversation between Rebecca and Isaac.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

1. On what day did Rebecca visit Rowena?
2. Why had she come?
3. What did Rowena answer when Rebecca said she was grateful?
4. Where was Rebecca going?
5. What did Rebecca give to Rowena?
6. What was Rebecca going to do?
7. Tell Rebecca's final words.

(St.) Maur	(55)	mɔɔr
(St.) Withold	(1·67)	′wiθould
Templestowe	(2·9·67)	′tempəlstou
Thorsby	(55·1)	′θɔɔzbi
Torquilstone	(55·1·67)	′tɔɔkwilstoun
Ulrica	(8·11·9)	ʌl′riikə
Waldemar Fitzurse	(5·1·44–1·99)	′wɔldimaa fitz′əəs
Walter Scott	(55·9–5)	′wɔɔltə ′skɔt
Wamba	(5·9)	′wɔmbə

Ivanhoe

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